THE RESURRECTION IN OUR STREET

GEORGE STEWART

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By GEORGE STEWART, Ph.D.

The Resurrection in Our Street

God and Pain

The Incarnation in Our Street

The Crucifixion in Our Street

Redemption: An Anthology of the Cross

Protestant Europe: Its Crisis and Outlook
(*with Adolf Keller*)

The Life of Henry B. Wright

History of Religious Education in Connecticut

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Justorum animae in manu dei sunt.

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FIRST EDITION

To
ANNE STEWART HIGHAM
my sister,
Whose courage in adversity and
faithfulness of spirit have
taught me
further lessons in the way of faith.

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THE RESURRECTION IN OUR STREET

"Alive Unto God"

"Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Romans 6:11.

When the people of Verona passed Dante on the streets they looked upon his austere gravity and whispered, "There is the man who hath seen hell."

When men beheld the seamed and weary face of Jesus struggling up the hill beneath the cross, when they heard the thud of the mallet and finally the cruel jar of the wooden beam as it was fitted into the hole in the rock, as they saw that august and yet most beneficent face borne upward toward the sky, as they heard the cry from the parched lips, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"; they doubtless said one to another, "There is a man that hath seen hell." But as He walked with friends on the road to Emmaus and later permitted Thomas to feel His hands and feet to see that it was indeed

He, they, doubtless, whispered, "Here is a man that hath seen hell, but is alive again by the power and authority of Almighty God." Paul, contemplating the beauty of His healing and His teaching, the exaltation and the sacrifice of His cross, wrote to the Romans: "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

What does it mean, through Jesus Christ to be alive unto God? What does it mean to have somehow passed through the garden and the cross, to have been cleansed from mortal sloth and indifference, to have been stabbed awake, made aware, to be at last alive unto God, responsive and obedient to the source of love, the fountain head of all purpose and plan for this hit-or-miss, haphazard, pain-racked world of ours?

It means that *our minds are sensitive to His presence and His will.* Beneath the intolerable burden of unchristian conceptions and ruthless competition, men still look out from homes, from executive offices, from factory windows, across national frontiers, and even from the doors of churches, in a fierce unevangelized desire to win power, intellectual, financial, or even spiritual ascendency. We are still in a rampant, selfish, acquisitive world. The crucifixion of

Jesus and the cross on which humanity is still stretched in industry, international discord, and in the cruel competition of churches, has not yet shamed and educated and constrained men as a race to be alive unto God.

The red horseman of the Apocalypse, spreading war and disaster among the oldest and fairest, as well as the most backward civilizations, still marches onward in his cruel quest for life and blood. War is still abroad to crucify humanity.

It is not an accident that every army has placed crosses over the graves of men who, obeying what they knew to be a high impulse, went forth from 1914 until recent years to pour out their blood unto death. They held different ideas of the war, but it was the same spirit that prompted the average man. One sees the cross of the Old Believers of Russia scattered across the melancholy plain of Poland, three-barred crosses over the graves of Slavic boys who left the steppes of the Kuban and the Ukraine and the Volga Basin to die on the retreat from the Masurian Lakes. One sees the white crosses of Hungarians and Bohemians and Bavarians who forsook the fertile Danube plain or the wooded fastnesses of the Carpathians to die of shell fire and typhus on the road that leads to Monastir. I have seen the

forest of black crosses of German lads from Saxony and Brandenburg, sown like winter wheat along the white highway from Metz to Verdun. One sees the grave of the unknown Serbian soldier in Belgrade, of the Italian beneath the great white monument to Vittorio Emanuele in Rome, of the French beneath the Arc de Triomphe, and of the British in the vaulted majesty of Westminster Abbey. One sees hosts of other unknown men of the British forces in roadside graves or buried in lonely clusters, silhouetted against the red sky of Macedonia; Australians, New Zealanders, boys from Saskatchewan and cockneys from London, sleeping beside American volunteers, and Grecian shepherds, men who answered the call of rulers as the call of God, to go forth to unprecedented torture for what they thought was to be a new and better world. Over their graves is a simple limestone cross, "Here lieth a British soldier known unto God." And in the face of all this human woe the minds of statesmen are not yet alive unto God.

As we look abroad in industry, ancient animosities bite deep into the texture of modern production and commerce. Injudicious strikes and brutal lock-outs are characteristic and many of the most enlightened of both the parties of capital and labor say their several hopes are irreconcilable. In the meantime,

starving women, nursing skeleton babies, gather round pit heads and half-clad children without heat or food live on scanty relief rations in many sections of America, Europe and Asia. The minds that direct industry, the minds of capital and of labor, are not yet alive unto God through Jesus Christ.

And what is true in the political and military and industrial world is true in the world of letters and learning, in social life and in the competition of home against home. We need a resurrection of understanding and sympathy and compassion.

When will the mind of rulers and of legislators, of voters, merchants, labor unions, and churches become aware of all this pain and blood? Shall it be forgotten, or shall humanity avail itself of Golgotha and of all lesser human Calvaries to take that cleansing blood for its own salvation and have a will unto brotherhood, a will unto love, and be alive unto God, in mind, through Jesus Christ?

And when shall our world become alive unto God in its emotions?

There was a time from the late middle ages to the end of the sixteenth century, when religion was the motivating force behind the lives of men. Great cathedrals thrust their carved testimony into the sky, vaulted arches proclaimed God's greatness and

heaven-searching towers set forth the quest of man for spiritual life. Music of the period declared His mighty acts and poetry sang of His loving kindness to the children of men. In the midst of unquestioning faith, mixed with much rich and, in a high sense, fruitful superstition, men reached up to God, one desperate generation after another, and found in Him that which their souls needed—grace and pardon and a surcease of sorrow, something to hallow unrequited and sacrificial love, something to save and make fruitful the Christ-like dedication which led to crosses and death for body and mind, and led also unto the resurrection of the spirit. Obscure peasants and rude barons brought gifts of stone and bronze and together reared Chartres and Amiens, Rouen and Notre Dame, everlasting testimony to the fact that their emotions, their æsthetic life, was alive unto God.

Religion in order to be life-changing must be hot religion. The present emphasis on liberalism and reasonableness is often a misdirected human attempt to touch the intangible and weigh the imponderable. Was Mazzini less reasonable and less a patriot because he sentimentally wore mourning until Italy should be free? His sentimentality was the very pith and marrow of his greatness. His emotional life dedicated to his country was the measure of his

devotion. Are men and women and children so to curb their emotions regarding religion that the whole affair shall be one of mere formal logic?

But there is history which we cannot deny. Here are men who were believers, who never had the new learning of the last fifty years, but who went out to remote corners of the world to claim it for Christ and His Church, and found in a simple trusting faith, that God fulfilled all their needs from His riches of love in Christ Jesus. Alexander Whyte of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, used to say that he loved the staid dignity of ecclesiastical forms, but his heart warmed toward the red jersey of the Salvation Army. The heart of every man is warmed by a sincere love of Christ. Shall we be ashamed if, in the singing of a hymn, in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, in the glow and beauty of Christmas, in the soul-searching melancholy of Good Friday, our eyes fill with tears?

This religion of ours is a religion of the heart as well as of the head. It claims all of us. It has no ledger; love keeps no books. It pauses by a roadside, interrupts a business venture, and binds up a bruised and broken man. It makes long journeys to keep strong those sacramental ties of friendship within the cottage of Lazarus and Mary and Martha. It

pours itself out in long hard days of hearing endless stories of woe and pain and evil and self-will. It lives in scorn of consequence by the one controlling motive of love—alive in love unto God!

We will never know the richness and the beauty of the life of Christ till our heart, our emotional life, is alive unto God.

Again, those who are alive unto God *will have dedicated wills.*

One may know in one's mind, one may feel in one's heart, but it is not until one reaches out in determination that the life of Christ becomes a possession and a passion.

Jesus never demanded belief of the woman at the well, He never bore down the fears of the rich young ruler, He never drove out the inhibitions of His followers by the sheer compelling strength of His personality—the freedom God allowed Him, He allowed unto His friends. He stood at the door of views, minds and hearts, He knocked for entrance, but they must open the door. He invited men to try the desperate way of faith which alone leads to security, but He never goaded them to it. It was the verdict of a free heart He elicited: it was the willing obedience of men and women who were alive unto God in their decisive powers.

Jesus was asking men constantly to test their faith, to put themselves on record, "Stretch forth thy hand," he said unto the man with the withered hand, "come after Me," He invited Andrew and Philip. "Take up your cross," He said to those who might otherwise have only contemplated the need of the world: "Ask and ye shall receive," He advised those who might have believed in prayer but had raised no hands in supplication. Jesus was piercing through knowledge, and emotions, to get at the wills of men.

During the great anti-slavery movement, many of the notable people of the North were indifferent to the question or saw no way to address themselves to it. Even Abraham Lincoln was slow to take a decided stand upon the issue. But at last, in May of 1856 at Bloomington, Illinois, at the organization of the Republican party, Lincoln spoke out regarding the outrages in "Bleeding Kansas": "The repeal of the sacred Missouri Compromise has installed the weapons of violence: the bludgeon, the incendiary torch, the death-dealing rifle, the bristling cannon—the weapons of kingcraft, of the Inquisition, of ignorance, of barbarism, of oppression. We see its fruit in the dying bed of the heroic Sumner, in the ruins of the Free State Hotel, in the smoking embers of the *Herald of Freedom:* in the free-state Governor

of Kansas, chained to a stake on free soil, like a horse thief, for the crime of freedom." To his friends Lincoln seemed transfigured that day: he was taller than before, there was released in him a new fierce earnestness, the crack of the slave whips he had heard as a boy in New Orleans had found responses in his soul; the degradation of slaves was to win them their freedom. His friend Will Herndon, listening to his singing prose, turned to a friend and said, "He's been baptized." He had been—he had been made alive unto God in mind, in emotions and in will.

Has the appreciation of the cross and the victory of the resurrection made you dead unto sin, but alive unto all the meanings God has for you?

In contemplating the victory of Jesus through pain which quickens the life of all who turn unto Him, Richard Crashaw wrote:

> Christ when He died
> Deceived the cross,
> And on death's side
> Threw all the losse
> The captive world awak't and found
> The prisoners loose, the jailor bound.
>
> O deare and sweet dispute
> 'Twixt death's and love's far different fruits,

Different as far
As antidote and poisons are:
By the first fatal Tree
Both life and libertie
Were sold and slaine,
By this they both look up, and live againe.

O strange and mysterious strife,
Of open death and hidden life:
When on the cross my King did bleed,
Life seemed to die, Death died indeed.

"Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"The Quick and the Dead"

"From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."—The Apostles' Creed.

The framers of the churches' ancient creeds pictured the majesty and authority of the risen Christ who "sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

Jesus comes to men in many ways, now as an infant, captivating artists who picture the radiance of His face against the crude background of stable, ox and ass, now surrounded with the pageantry of adoring kings with rich retinue in costly raiment. Again He claims our loyalty as a stalwart teacher and healer addressing groups by roadsides, making wine at country weddings, raising dead bodies, perished minds, and broken spirits to newness of life.

Jesus also comes as the Suffering Servant steadfastly setting His face to go toward Jerusalem, entering voluntarily step by step into the toils of an unjust trial, from which there was but one exit, violent and painful death. We see Him taut against the wood,

surrounded by uneasy guards, worried captains, and stricken followers. In Ruben's Crucifixion in Antwerp there is not an easy line in the entire canvas. Jesus is dead but the muscles are still strained and stiff, the thieves continue to struggle, one in his agony has torn himself half loose; the very horse which the centurion rides stands painfully on the hillside, his neck bent in discomfort. The entire canvas is dominated with woe and agony.

Jesus on the cross is the supreme drama of human history, but there is another act in it, a scene beyond the Place of the Skull, when the risen Lord greets His despairing followers. The agony is past; He could not be holden of death or hell, earth and man and God had responded to Jesus, as if saying in one voice, "This life shall never die!" Jesus comes to us supremely as the risen Lord and as such He shall judge both the quick and the dead.

Have you ever considered the searching power of that ancient phrase, "the quick and the dead?"

Think of Him as *judge of the quick and the dead unto human hope and human need.*

Two great hopes burn out in the blackness of the post-war chaos—that we may have a peaceful and a fruitful world. Amidst the agony of poverty-stricken nations, in the humiliation of proud and ancient peo-

ples faced with unemployment lists of unprecedented length, men want peace, wistfully, passionately, even though they frame that desire with a war-like clangor. Men and women want to make up for their lost youth; their youth spent in sterile strife to retrieve "the years the locust hath wasted" in fruitfulness of hand and mind.

Who then shall usher in peace? Will dictators and chauvinists, will jingoists and little islanders and the crass imperialists of a generation just gone? History is an open book that all may read—the warlike, domineering nations shall perish by the sword. There has been no exception. How then shall peace come? Only by the genuine belief of millions that love is better than hate, that peace is better than war, that Christ is more to be chosen than chaos. Men must choose whether they shall be quick or dead unto Jesus' claims of brotherhood, patience and mutual respect.

Who shall be sensitive to the needs of our generation, hopes which have been perennial for food and shelter and home? Certainly not those dead in self-serving indifference, not those wrapt up in class prejudice or professional pride, as if God had elected them to some position higher than their humbler brothers.

The quick unto Christ's claims have manifested their faith in different ways in different generations. Many to-day are seeking to meet the fundamental needs of men and women in industry, decent hours, a share in the profits of production, proper conditions of labor, removal of the fear of unemployment and reasonable insurance in old age. Jesus' gospel demands a proper response from each situation and there can be an adequate and appropriate response by our machine civilization. Even the most pagan and secular and material aspects of life can be brought under the influence of the divine spirit; this is the inescapable conviction of Jesus, and the quick in faith have discovered how this can be in diverse and illuminating ways.

In politics, education, industry and many other realms, adventurous men and women keen and sensitive, the quick unto Christ, are seeking to vindicate the hopes and meet the needs of mankind.

Again, the risen Lord shall come to judge the *quick and the dead unto life's meaning.*

Men have always speculated as to why we are here, crawling about on a tiny speck of a planet in the vast interstellar spaces. As a philosophical problem it is infinitely varied and absorbing, but as a matter of practical religion it comes down to this: you have a

life on your hands; what are you going to do with it?

Hedonism, the pursuit of happiness as an end in itself never satisfied the earnest souls of any generation. Men prefer Golgotha. They would rather lay down their lives in exploration, in medical experiments, in education, as foreign missionaries, or in war, than to find happiness which tastes bitter to the eating.

The philosophy of enlightened selfishness, that self-expression is the great end in life, has fascinated many, but generally for a brief period. So much depends on the self that is being expressed. Most honest and intelligent men and women well know that they have not wisdom enough and character enough to do as they please all the time, or even to express their crude and uncompleted beings.

Many to-day, especially in education, maintain that the meaning of life is growth, but this philosophy of perennial self-culture does not convince those who, for the banishing of ignorance or disease, are willing to "pour out the red sweet wine of youth" in remote and obscure stations amid savage people who in the eyes of the world are but as wisps in the wind. There is a daring urge to achieve goodness and beauty in art, science, and religion, even by sacrificial

losses, which nullifies the ideal that growth alone is life's great meaning.

The framers of the Westminster catechism came near to an adequate explanation of the meaning of life when they said, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." Here is our true vocation, in all fruitful pursuits to magnify Him who is the giver of all, Him who is the source of knowledge, light and energy, Him Who is striving also to perfect an incomplete and unfinished world. In such a merging of purposes, in such a fusion of wills man finds himself at his highest and best.

Jesus comes to judge the quick and the dead unto life's meaning. Hide from Him as we will He discovers us. The Hound of Heaven will not let us be, the divine compassion and justice follows after us closer than Nemesis. Eventually statesmen bring their minds to Him, soldiers offer up their wounds and pain to Him, those perplexed with the tangled problems of industry and politics and domestic friction regard Him as the final arbiter of all earth's thorny questions. He comes to judge the quick and the dead unto life's meaning.

Again Jesus comes to *judge the quick and the dead unto God.*

The love of God goes out gratuitously to men of all degrees and stations. His outer garment of nature showers its bounties upon the just and the unjust. With Him there is no distinction of persons.

His invitation shines out through the beauty of His world as well as through the printed page. His summons for all to follow Him is as sharp and clear through the inward voice of conscience as through the winged word of prophet or priest, and yet, there is a sense in which He ceases to call unto men. Gradually to the unresponsive comes a spiritual dullness, imperceptibly to those who neglect prayer there comes the feeling that prayer is useless, inevitably to those who refuse to obey generous impulses comes the feeling that altruism is a sign of weakness. Without their knowledge the indifferent and the careless become gospel hardened until nothing short of the stricken figure of Christ on the rood, or of some lesser human form crushed to earth in love for them, can arrest their distracted attention and focus it upon God. God is always available, always near, but men can by neglect forget the way; they become dead unto Him.

The quick unto God find Him along several major routes of exploration. Some find him in the radiance of green leaf and crimson petal, in the plunging cataract,

the mystic spell of a summer sea, or the gaunt uplifted figures of mountains silhouetted against an evening sky. Others behold Him clothed in the heroism born of noble action or in the everyday fortitude shining forth from office, shops and home. Still others discover God in the mystery of an enigmatical Providence that smiles on the just and unjust, that power which saves and nurtures us through no virtue of our own but through its manifold and great mercies. Again countless multitudes find Him in the insistent voice of conscience, reminding and correcting us in the hurly-burly of life. But always and unmistakably the quick unto God find Him in Jesus, the word made flesh that dwelt among us full of light and truth. He was the Day Spring from on High, the Root and the Offspring of David, the Bright, the Morning Star, child of earth and child of Heaven. Paul spoke of Christ crucified, the power of God and the wisdom of God, and again of the fullness of the Godhead bodily in the face of Jesus Christ. When the sense of God grows dim and He can no longer be discovered through Nature or humanity, or Providence or conscience, He can always be seen in the intellectual supremacy, the outreaching compassion and the infinite moral excellence of Jesus.

He was crucified on Good Friday and drank deep

of humiliation and loneliness, but from thence He has come to judge the quick and the dead, asking each how he responds to the hopes and needs of fellow men, how he behaves in the face of life's meaning, whether he is dead or alive unto God.

Jesus Himself the Supreme Argument for Immortality

"If a man die, shall he live again?"—Job 14: 14.
"The Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of men: And they shall kill him, and the third day he shall be raised again."—Matt. 17:22-23.

In the midst of the press of our fugitive and fragmentary lives thoughtful men ponder Job's age-old question, if a man die shall he live again?

Four major considerations have shed light upon this question so essential for the spiritual life.

In the first place faith in immortality is an instinctive belief. Men have ever looked upon God as the conserver of values. In the life we live here conditioned by heredity, accident, nature and human contrariness, much of beauty and goodness is overwhelmed in the *mêlée*.

Causes dearer than life are defeated in generation after generation. Doctors who see the possibilities of a clean and healthy race find their best efforts disregarded or misunderstood. Teachers eager to banish ignorance see their most significant projects passed over by the dullness and indifference of their pupils. Statesmen with a vision of a warless world

based upon mutual respect and common need are forced to expediences which perpetuate an acquisitive and competitive order. Industrialists and labor leaders alike, keenly alive to the sources of friction in mill and mine and factory, find many well-meant efforts toward a more Christian social order twisted by suspicion until their fairest plans are made to appear devious efforts for selfish gain. Parents sacrificing life and health for ungrateful children are often aware that the best they have given has been unappreciated and without spiritual fruit. But instinctively they hope on in their lost causes trusting that God will conserve their blood and tears and effort unto Himself.

Instinctively we also feel that our unfinished work shall not be wasted. Experiments in science, in church, in social effort delayed in their completion because of a thousand circumstances over which we have no control are left unfinished—the seed sown, the green blade springing, but no time in the rush of the years for harvest. Deep in the heart of us we feel that there will be time in that ampler world through the portals of death to finish what through no fault of our own lies incomplete or broken here. God will help us to complete our work.

In a special way we instinctively feel that God will keep those whom we have loved, but who in the midst of the years have been snatched from our sight by the grim hand which knows no respect of person. To the aching heart full of unconfessed hopes and unspoken apologies, burdened with insufferable longing there inevitably recurs the persistent conviction that we shall see them once more, say the word of kindness we have left unspoken and be wholly understood and all forgiven. Job Hogben, when heaven's gate was crowded in the war with the unwonted host of questing spirits, wrote:

So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene,—
He may not, surely, lapse from what has been:
Greater, not less, his wondering mind must be:
Ampler the splendid vision he must see.
'Tis unbelievable he fades away,—
An exhalation at the dawn of day:

Nor dare we deem that he has but returned
Into the Oversoul to be discerned
Hereafter in the bosom of the rose,
In the petal of the lily, or in those
Far jewelled sunset skies that glow and pale,
Or in the rich note of the nightingale.
Nay, though all beauty may recall to mind
What we in this fair life were wont to find,

He shall escape absorption, and shall still
Preserve a faculty to know and will.
Such is my hope, slow climbing to a faith:
(We know not Life, how should we then know
Death?)
From our small limits and withholdings free,
Somewhere he dwells and keeps high company:
Yet tainted not with so supreme a bliss
As to forget he knew a world like this.

Instinctively we feel we shall meet them and know our loved ones as themselves.

Our lost causes shall be conserved by Him who numbers the very hairs of our head and knows of the sparrow's fall; our unfinished work shall be brought to harvest in that realm where disease and death shall no more have dominion, our friends shall be known again; such is the instinctive faith of the normal man and woman.

Again, the hope of immortality has been held by large sections of human kind over long periods of time. The *consensus gentium* is not absolute proof but it is most persuasive evidence. There are no normal hopes so held which have not their answer.The desire for food, shelter, love and fellowship, have their responses in the world about us. The primary needs are all met; is it, then, fair to believe that this deep

desire so integrated with the highest thought of great areas of mankind century after century should stand alone, the one frustrated desire, the one highest hope which should dupe man, stultify his mind and make him a victim of his illusions? It is easier to cry out with Job in the midst of his miseries, "For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

This widespread and persistent desire was current among the oldest civilizations. The Assyrians held it, the Egyptians lived in the presence of it, Job maintained it on his ash heap, naked savages in the heart of Africa were aware of it. It has taken fast hold of the best of the race in every age. Prayers for the dead are as involuntary as prayers for the living. From time immemorial men have believed in life after death and have prayed for that care which only God can give spirits which have left "our bourne of time and space."

Great areas of the most thoughtful and most spiritual of men have lived and died in the hope that life temporal and eternal was one texture, that the

idea of ultimate dissolution at death was an atheistic conception born of little faith. The persistent belief continues to emerge that death shall no more have dominion over us, that life eternal is the assured gift of Him with Whom there is no variableness neither shadow that is cast by turning.

Again, God would be unfair if man shall not live again.

He has given us such a conception of His moral nature and placed us where such an inference is inescapable.

Our hopes extend far beyond the measure of our years. Would God whose nature is love and the basis of Whose rule is justice and mercy have allowed His creatures to grow up with this mad illusion? Would He permit us to be possessed of desires impossible to realize in three score and ten summers and winters, with ideals toward which we can only strive, whose realization our children's children are yet to see? It would leave God in man's debt were these hopes but the baubles of a nursery to keep children contented lest they gain too close a knowledge of reality. In no other realm is religion used as an opiate for the people. Can it be used so here?

Man alone is capable of communion with God.

Would God raise up man, man who of all His creatures is prepared in mind and heart and will for fellowship with Him, His image, only to deceive man in this highest hope? Of all the forms of life man is the only one gifted with worship, the only one who can consecrate himself, the only one who can be fit associate for God's personality. Although God is like and unlike us, high but in some true sense understandable, mysterious but giving enough of Himself that feeble humanity can feel His majesty and be sensitive to His compassion, yet we feel after Him and find our efforts are not vain. Shall man, less than God, but at his best a little lower than the angels, be allowed eternally to perish when by his hardship and pain and anguish he is prepared for friendship with a suffering and a working God? Shall he miss eternal life with Jesus who ate the common bread of our humanity and was touched with the feeling of our infirmities? We can cry out with Paul who protested against such separation, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the

love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Paul was sure that God would not stultify all man's growth and spiritual preparation for fellowship to drown him in the blackness of oblivion.

Nor would a just God allow the self-sacrifice of His children were they to be forever lost. Willing sacrifice for others is the highest gift of man and the hardest. And yet the world, even our selfish modern world, is red with the blood of men and women, who with no fine phrases or applause have given themselves in unprecedented numbers in the holocaust which swept the world from 1914 to 1918, and in varied forms of sacrificial service in school and church and other public labors. The God, "That brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus . . . through the blood of the everlasting covenant," will not let such laying aside of the world by countless multitudes be a wasted and a footless dedication.

So many broken purposes, so many noble impulses unheeded, so many generous thoughts quenched before they have led to fruitful action, will be in an ampler, less hindered life, completed in beauty and perfection. Such is the faith of Christian men. Browning with the assurance of God's conserving power as One Who sees what men overlook, and One Who values what no one has appreciated, cries out:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his works, yet swelled the man's account:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

He fixed thee midst this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

Suffering and pain and hardship are the preparatory stages of a soul for high human fellowship and for understanding of a God who also suffers and travails over an indifferent and often brutal humanity.

The God to whom the Christian looks for love and mercy and justice will not let aspiring human life

fall to the ground with the broken body. The moral nature of God Himself justifies the inference that we shall see the full harvest of our best hopes and find the "far off interest of tears" when we breast the swelling torrent which men call death, but which in the eyes of the believer is but the unmooring of the soul.

But the most authoritative voice which has ever spoken on eternal life is Jesus. He lived as if He expected to live forever. He thought about immortality, spoke of it, acted in belief that He would win it, throughout His ministry. If He was mistaken here in so central a teaching, grave doubts might be raised as to other of His claims.

The resurrection was an essential element in Jesus' teaching. It was not an added or a peripheral consideration. It was at the basis of His call for sacrifice and consecration and unselfishness in this present life. "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." If, when, this broken imperfect preparation over, we should live again in ampler nobler fashion, all the drudgery and hardship should be hallowed and justified and only then.

On all ethical and spiritual problems Christians recognize Jesus as supreme, while pagans and atheists

admit that no one has either taught or lived as He did. His voice is indeed the most authoritative of any which has ever been raised in regard to the persistence of the soul when it leaps clear of the entangling flesh.

Jesus was not only the chiefest of the sons of men, but in His prayer life, in His practical works of mercy, in the sweep of His ideas and the scope of His love, He can substantiate His claim to be the Son of God. It is His voice, His example, His visitation of earth after the cruel death on the cross, His return from the dead which gives evidence of what we, lesser and more earthly sons and daughters of God may expect when we with the fog in our throat face the grim ogre of death and deny his victory. As they said of Jesus, "He is not here, He is risen," so they shall say of us.

Edmund Vance Cooke in his "Pale Horseman" sets down with true insight the Christian conception of life after death:

. . . Oft you come to me, bruised, broken, bent
With anguish in your eyes and patience spent,
But as my shadow with your shade is blent,
Your last breath is a sigh of sweet content,
You chafe against the chains of life, but being free,
You make no struggle as you ride with me,
And as we ride I show you wonders. Lo!
That morning mist is she you used to know,

That flower a friend of centuries ago,
That band of brilliance in heaven's bow
Is Habakkuk, or Cain, or Romeo!
For they who ride with me, they do not die;
They are the Process and the Progress—even as I.

All through your life you haste toward death. What, then?
All through your Death, you ride to Life again!

Our own instincts, the persistent conviction of large areas of the best of mankind, the moral nature of God, make affirmative answer to Job's question "If a man die shall he live again?" But more than all else comes the testimony by the word and by the example of Jesus. "The Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of men: and they shall kill him, and the third day he shall be raised again."

Who Shall Reveal the Risen Lord?

"Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"
—Mark 16:3.

Our generation cannot deny that Golgotha has come, but it behaves as if Easter Day had never happened. We are in the mood of an everlasting Good Friday: suffering has been endured, but we are slow to claim the victory. It is possible to be heroic; it is harder to have insight. It is possible now to fight and wage war against disease and ignorance and other enemies; it is difficult to win a clean and complete triumph. We live in a generation which has borne intense suffering, but we find it hard to utilize the pain and woe.

The two Marys stood before the tomb wherein Jesus had been laid. Within the sepulchre lay the answer to their hopes, their labor of love, their sacrifice. If the stone were rolled away they would know for a certainty whether Jesus were there dead and the fair promise of His life ended, or whether He was risen and had triumphed over hatred and prejudice and gross unkindness. The disciples had

seen the wide hospitality of His mind, open to all shades of opinion; they had beheld the breadth of His love, embracing publicans and outcasts. His friends knew the capacities for sacrifice which He showed in enduring the cross, that He might reveal to men a love that never faileth. Those who had followed Jesus had loved Him for what He was to them in perfect friendship. It was natural that on Easter morning a group of friends had come together to bring spices and flowers to the grave. They were sorrowful and naturally somewhat doubting. The account in Matthew has it that they came to see the sepulchre. They did not expect a great deal and there was little hope left in them. On the journey to Emmaus, two of the disciples, not recognizing Jesus, told Him frankly: "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, to day is the third day since these things were done."

There had been self-denial and renunciation, there had been no lack of disinterested love. These friends had seen Jesus tried before Herod and Pilate, and they had been present when He died for His ideal. They had witnessed His peace of mind and His period of utter desolation and solitude. There was no doubt in their minds as to the capacity or the willingness on His part to sacrifice, but all their hopes seemed

forever enshrined in the sepulchre, separating them from their dreams. Their work and their pain and their adherence to a high cause seemed to be sterile of any spiritual fruitage. Their problem was, as it is to-day, how to utilize sacrifice, how to capitalize for some high spiritual import pain willingly suffered, how to make His followers aware that Christian experience is not complete at Golgotha, but on Easter Day. Suffering and anguish are not an end, but a means to reconcile men to God. The Christian life is not concluded in a grave but in a psalm of joy. Its end is not in mourning but in festival. But this was not clear on that first Easter morning, when Jesus' closest friends had come to bring spices and to weep at His grave.

Above the cynicism and disillusionment of to-day, one indisputable fact remains clear: that as gross and as terrible as man can be, and at his worst he is the most ferocious of all animals, yet he does have within him capacities for willing sacrifice that place him in a category apart from the brutes. How shall we make all this sacrifice available for the healing of our souls, for the redemption of people from war, prejudice, famine, bigotry, disease, ignorance, and from the other shackles that bind mankind? Who shall roll away the stone from the sepulchre which holds our best dreams,

our hopes, our pains and deaths, which we hoped would restore the kingdom to Israel?

In a period when we are readjusting our thinking, we sometimes look upon the disasters through which we fairly wade and whisper to ourselves, "Is it all in vain?" As a European writer has recently said: "The pain of these victories could not be soothed by the gross appeal of a foolish racial supremacy nor by a fragment of ground fought for between states. They knew how much earth a man needs to die on, and that the blood of all races is part of the same stream of life." An old man is saying to a young one: "We do not love sorrow, and we all want happiness, but if sorrow must come, at least let it be of some use! Do not let your sufferings add to those of others. You must not give way. You are taught in the army that when the order to advance is once given in a battle it is more dangerous to fall back than to go on; so do not look back; leave your ruins behind you, and march on towards the new world."

As he spoke, the eyes of his young auditor seemed to say: "Tell me more, more yet, even more than hopes, give me certainties, tell of the victory which will come soon."

Our times have seen a great outpouring of life and hopes. They want to know of the victory which will

come, which will come soon. Who can bring the victory, who can utilize the sacrifices already made, who can roll away the stone from the sepulchre of the past?

They will be men and women who care. Those who will make available the travail of Christ and of all Christ-like men and women who have given their lives in all intermediate Calvaries, will be those who are deeply concerned.

Who will gradually work out a better industrial order to capitalize the struggles of the past? Will it be done by blinded partisans equally selfish? We now see what that means: it means, roughly, that labor and capital are both fighting for the same thing, the profits, and that on this conception their interests are mutually exclusive. At a dinner sat a small group of bankers, an educator, and two I.W.W.'s who had just been released from Fort Leavenworth Prison. The last were not ignorant men; they spoke with as great breadth of knowledge, with as detached and philosophical viewpoint as any person present. They gave an account of their battle for their principles and of their trial, which many able lawyers believe to have been grossly unfair. They told of their efforts for the release of fifty-two of their comrades from Leavenworth who were there because of expressions of

opinion. They related their theories of a better order of society. At the close of the evening one remarked: "The disheartening thing about the whole struggle for a better world is that no one seems to care." A man from a great bank engaged him in earnest conversation, neither one of them insisting that he had an ultimate solution. The banker was explaining that at least some people did care and care tremendously. One could not help but feel that there was hope for the utilization of past heroism and suffering in the slow upward march of labor, if men could get together who cared. The picture of these two men, one the man with the prison pallor still on his face, the other the representative of great wealth, looking into each other's faces, was symbolic of what might be, a sacrament of reconciliation; for so will come the kingdom of God. Certainly it will not come by icy hearts or inflamed prejudices.

The history of labor upward from slavery and serfdom to liberty has been one long Golgotha. The civilization of every age has reeked with the blood of obscure men and women ground into the very mortar of these vast edifices. Who shall roll away the stone and liberate in triumph the sacrifice and the suffering of these and other days? Only enlightened men and women who genuinely love each other.

The situation in which we find ourselves to-day can be solved only if there are hundreds of thousands of people who are seriously concerned with the state of civilization. With four million Russians perpetually on the starvation line, with the Armenian people without any adequate measure of security, with a million Greeks dispossessed and refugees in a nation of a little over four millions of people, with two million Russian *émigrés* representing much of the best blood and brains of Russia, the wreck of five White Armies scattered from the Baltic to the Black Sea, with the entire middle class throughout mid-Europe constituting a financially devastated area, with a million and a half in Great Britain composing the single greatest unemployment problem which any modern state has ever faced, with the lamentable lack of good sportsmanship toward our late Allies who bore the burden of the War and lost in battle dead over fifty times as many men as we did, who is to roll away the stone from the sepulchre of the bitter past and allow us to see that Easter can come, that these sacrifices can be used to some high and holy end? It will be people who *care*. A Frenchman remarked recently: "The defeat of any people is that of humanity, for we are all necessary, and the union of all nations would be the only true victory.

Any other ruins the victor as well as the vanquished."

It will be people who care who will get us out of our present difficulties. We must not stop at Golgotha but press on to Easter Day.

Again, they will be people who *think*. The cross takes a different form in every generation. The form which the cross takes in our times is, in a peculiar way, the intolerable burden of clear thinking. We have emerged into a time when most of us are dulled, confused, and disillusioned.

Millions have sunk back into an attitude of recrimination and complaint. It is extraordinarily difficult to arouse men to see all sides of a question. A friend in Marburg University in Germany writes letters burning with indignation toward the French and loud in praise of Germany. Another friend educated in France is full of denunciation of Germany and laudatory toward the French policy in the Ruhr, the Saar Basin and elsewhere. Both are useless in the settlement of the present difficulties. Unless there are a few who can speak for all, who can get above the battle, victories will continue to lie with the stronger battalions.

We need lighted minds to utilize the almost infinite capacity to endure and suffer which we have seen in these latter years. Men of imagination will

gradually show the world the significance of Golgotha and all lesser human crucifixions.

We also stand in desperate need of intellectual independence. Independent minds and morally earnest characters are what the world needs most to-day. The subservience of the church to wealth and nationality, the intolerance of socialists and of tories mark a return to the gregarious herd life. We have slowly dragged ourselves up from the primordial ooze to find that the long struggle has exhausted us and we have fallen back into the most primitive and indecisive modes of settling our differences. No amount of sentimental talk about a social conscience will substitute for an independent mind that voluntarily takes upon itself the duties and restrictions of public service. Our great need is for men who will stand alone against the whole world if need be, but men who are at the same time willing to be crucified to save the world from stupidity and sin. We cannot serve our generation by flattery, by debasing our conscience and our intelligence, but rather by taking upon ourselves the burden of the sins of our time as Christ took the sins of His people upon Himself when in Jordan River He asked John to baptize Him, too, with the baptism of the remission of sins. Independence, yes, with free and untrammeled mind and

conscience, but bond servants to our day and time in all unselfish and redemptive service in school and church and civil state.

Who shall roll the stone away from before the sepulchre? Men who *care* and men who *think*.

And, once again, it will be men who *love*. By a curious twist of human nature, it is difficult not to feel bitter toward those for whom we have borne pain, and it is equally difficult for men and women to accept sacrifice or noble action gracefully. Accordingly, we find much bitterness abroad to-day, both in those who performed prodigies of labor and heroism and on the part of those for whom it was done.

Our present situation is doubly serious because classes and nations are drawing closer together. A family row is the worst sort of squabble. Among spiritually and intellectually minded the kingdom of God is more and more conceived as within human hearts, and the holocaust that swept the world these past years has tended to shatter this splendid dream. We need again our dreams, fair and beautiful forms that will beckon us on through heartbreaking years of toil, something untarnished and above the hands of men to hurt or to mar, something to love and to keep hearts steady.

Building a new and better world from the wreckage

of the past will be no easy task. Only men who have a deathless love will stand up under the strain of ignorance, stupidity, social reproach, disappointment, and weary waiting. Men have poured out and will pour out their lives for great causes. They are doing it daily for many lesser loyalties. They will do it for the highest purposes whenever men of insight and ingenuity and imagination assume the leadership of the race.

Men who *care*, men who *think*, men who *love*—these are they who, having themselves passed through great tribulation, will roll away the stone from the burial ground of past sacrifices and reveal the meaning of Easter, that out of sympathy comes understanding, out of pain, victory, from dedicated love, redemption.

The Power of His Resurrection

"And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them."—Luke 24:15.

One cannot read the story of the events following the resurrection without being aware of a profound change in the life of Jesus' friends. After the tragedy of Good Friday, Jesus had been placed in the tomb by that kindly gentleman, Joseph of Arimathea. The ancient record has it that after three days an angel rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and in the events which immediately followed a new era opened for a large segment of the human race. Jesus' little group were still scattered and dazed. "We had hoped that it was he who should redeem Israel," they said one to another.

Then it was that He came to them, and three events happened which occur every Easter season, events which always occur when men open their hearts to Him as the earth makes answer to the gentle nurture and warmth of spring.

In the first place the triumphant Lord brought

a resurrection of faith in each other, to His dejected and beaten friends.

These men had become scattered as sheep not having a shepherd. The cement of a common purpose which held them together broke and they fled to old neighborhoods and to accustomed haunts, retracing steps to old loyalties, old friendships, which they had held before giving themselves to the service of this mad Man who had been turning the world upside down and who finally was crucified with the collusion of church and civil state. The cohesive bond had parted—Jesus' friends were hopelessly severed, distraught, with no leadership, no vision, no purpose, no faith in each other.

With the resurrection came the integrating process, the restoration of confidence and the reëstablishment of faith. A great experience always does that for men. The presence of the victorious Christ restored lost faith in each other, and the little group, for a brief period leaderless and distracted, became a powerful evangelistic band within a fortnight.

A common allegiance to a Christ who had conquered hate, enmity, and death, drew the disciples irresistibly together. Jesus has an amazing capacity for uniting men. One always notes, in traveling in non-Christian lands, that when face to face with heathen

culture little groups rejoice in being bound together under the common name of Christian. The pressure of non-Christian environment makes the spiritual values in Jesus and His way of life stand out in sharp outline.

The first Good Friday left a shattered and a beaten group, with no confidence in each other. The first Easter dawned upon a handful of disheartened friends who had found each other again in a larger, more inclusive love than ever before. The crowning test of the cohesive power of any political party, any family, any band of believers, is whether it can be stricken and rise to newness of life around its central loyalty.

Many groups in Christian history have gone through experiences akin to the Resurrection. The Huguenots were hounded and driven after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day; the men and women of La Rochelle, surrendering a city of corpses and emaciated figures after a year's siege, developed a new faith in each other, a new sense of spiritual solidarity. Through their sufferings and their uncertainty they became one of the most fruitful spiritual groups, scattering in tiny colonies to emplant the sheer flame of spiritual devotion in remote and distant corners of the world.

Following the ruthless régimes in Russia and Hungary and Germany, passing through the darkness and starvation and social reproach of post-war days, the churches are being purged of indifference and pride of position until they are again becoming the home of the people's soul.

Desolation and disaster seem alone to be adequate to cause men and women to appreciate divine resources and human dignity and to bring about a resurrection of faith in each other. The resurrection of Jesus stands as a pledge to all who are plunged in the valley of humiliation that privation and hatred and death shall never break their fellowship. The communion of saints has been bought with a price, the blood of the martyrs is still the seed of the church, and Jesus has in every true spiritual sense purchased that church with His own blood.

The disciples after the crucifixion had lost all their courage and assurance. Their sense of mission had altogether disappeared. Peter, before a serving maid, had cursed and sworn that he never knew Jesus. But two weeks later he was standing up boldly preaching in His name, founding small communities of believers, the missionary bases of a movement which finally captured the Roman world, a movement which spread through Gaul to the Rhine and formed the

foundation of Christian civilization in Western Europe.

Faith was restored because these friends had found a Leader, a Leader who was considered lost, a Leader whom they could represent. Faith was restored in themselves because the best of what they believed was proven true. Their dreams were vindicated, their hopes corroborated, and they went forward in the strength of a new assurance.

The Christian life is full of paradoxes and none is more amazing than the necessity for self-respect together with genuine and deep humility. Beatrice Webb, the distinguished woman leader in the British Labor Party, said about her own ego: "A human ego, like a gas, will always expand unless restrained by external pressure." We will always give rein to our expansive acquisitive instincts unless restrained by love and respect for others. Nevertheless, these two seemingly contradictory virtues must go hand in hand—humility, with a deep and abiding faith in oneself, faith that one is valuable, that one has a work to do, that God, Who is the conserver of all value, will never let a dedicated life be wasted.

Each of the disciples had believed in himself to a greater or lesser degree, and the raising of Jesus from

the dead was the final warrant that all which was best in them should never die.

The resurrection also brought *new faith in Jesus as Lord of Life.*

These friends of Jesus had believed in Him although they were weak enough to fail Him. Even Judas knew who He was and what He was trying to do. They had seen His manifest power, they could not deny the charm of His personality and His influence as a speaker and healer. He had told them not to expect a material and a temporal kingdom, he had sought to rid their minds of a hope for a brilliant court, an army, foreign conquest, and all the trappings of a progressive nation; but it was hard for them to believe this. Finally, when He was put to trial and buffeted up the hill and nailed to the cross, His friends not only lost confidence in each other but in themselves, and their faith wavered, perhaps even He, the wonder worker, could not overcome this accumulation of disasters. Thomas would not believe unless he felt the print of the nails in His hands.

Then came Easter Day—the reply of God to a life that should not die; and in that answer we find our own best hope. All in us that is like Him, all that is true and best, shall not perish but shall be raised up in newness of life.

Sometimes we feel terribly alone, as if God could not respond to our poor uplifted hands and our puny hopes and Lilliputian purposes. But God's response to Jesus is a warrant that the divine resources are available to meet our needs also. Out in the Shakespeare Garden in Central Park are rows and rows of hardy tulips and crocuses, just adventuring from the darkness of earth through the leaf mould, hearkening to the appeal of April skies. Ever and anon there is a tiny one, somewhat slower to bloom, somewhat more reticent about thrusting its way up to light and glory. But above it the same warm sun beats down as upon its sturdier neighbors, above it the same spring atmosphere brings moisture and heat, and around it is the same rich nourishing earth. And it has the same chance as the greatest ones to respond according to its nature. If the sturdy grandeur of Christ, if His robust faith and His infinite gentleness seem so far beyond us that there is no comparison, if His love and His purpose overtop our feeble affection, if His moral excellence seems an unattainable, an improbable ideal, He is only responding as we are, according to His nature. Around us, too, is the same rich heritage of faith and the same nourishing background of religious experience.

The supreme characteristic of Easter is response;

its call is for men to reach out like a tiny crocus or like a mighty sequoia, to reach out as a trembling soul, or, like Christ, to pass in majesty through the gates of humiliation or of death. In either case the final answer is the same: just beyond the supreme risk, just beyond the gates of death, just beyond Calvary, is Easter Day and joy and gladness. God tested Jesus to the uttermost, and He tests us. For those who will risk, for those who will be courageous in the face of the darkest and most impenetrable mystery, where it seems that all will be irretrievably lost, are everlasting arms to keep and to save.

The resurrection brought to Jesus' friends new faith in each other, new faith in themselves, and new faith in Jesus. For, "while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them," and in that fellowship they and all subsequent believers have found newness of life.

The Secret of the Resurrection

"He is risen."—Matthew 28:6.

Easter is the amazing response that God made to the life and work of Jesus. The response to Napoleon when he returned from Elba revealed the hold which the Corsican had upon the imagination of France. On his way north, battalions were formed into regiments, regiments into army corps, and soon North Europe was resounding to the march of the *Grande Armée*. But Napoleon said: "I know men, and Jesus was no mere man." The resurrection was mute testimony to the friendliness of the universe to such a life as His.

The hold which the risen Lord had upon the hearts of his followers was no sequel to military victories, it was prompted by no thought of added lands and martial glory. There were no decorations, no titles, no booty to bestow. Jesus offered neither pay, nor comfort, nor worldly glory, but an adventure in the presence of the enemy, in the face of hardship, misunderstanding and death. One sees the history of those who came forward to join forces with Christ

carved in the rocks of dungeons and in the catacombs of Constantinople and Rome, a tale of crucifixion and unprecedented persecutions. As the writer to the Hebrews said of the faithful of other times—"they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were hunted in dens and caves of the earth, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy." But in spite of every known danger, they did respond.

Why was it that Jesus was raised from the dead? Why was it that dejected men and women rallied to Him and were willing to be eaten by lions in Roman theaters rather than give over their faith? The secret of the response which both God and man made to Jesus lay in the courage with which He gave all, dared all, and won all.

Jesus *gave all* of mind and body and affection to meet the need of all who called upon Him.

No one stretched on any cross of ignorance, brutality, political chicanery, domestic discord, or pain can lift a hand of protest to Jesus' claim as Lord of All and truthfully say, "I have suffered more." In all our afflictions, He has been afflicted. He gave all; and when men do that, all who can pull themselves free from the entanglements of false friendships and unworthy attachments, respond. Whenever men lay

down their health, their hearts, their sufferings for the redemption of the world, other hearts go out to them.

On one occasion, on a campaign in Germany, Napoleon discovered a sentry asleep by some valuable stores. Having an eye to the secret of affection in men's hearts, he did not have the man shot but took up his musket and walked post himself until the sleepy soldier awakened. What Napoleon gave for a few minutes, in taking on the duties of a soldier in the ranks, Jesus was constantly giving, entering into every labor and every hardship, understanding its fatigues, appreciating the confusion within the minds of men.

Jesus gave his body to be killed at the hands of ecclesiastical bigots, unjust judges, and Roman soldiers. In these past years we have witnessed voluntary outpouring of life, much of which in some lesser way has been after the manner of His perfect example. Heaven's gate has been crowded with gaunt specters of men and women who have come through the great tribulations of our times. But no soldier, in his anguish of blindness or disfigurement or pain, has ever accused Jesus of taking an easier path. Sufferers have always found companionship in Him who tasted

death and hell for every man. Jesus, too, gave His body.

Jesus also gave his affection without regard to merit or station. All men for Him were in the one possible category of friends. Even Judas, although a known traitor, was kept within the circle until he removed himself. On the eve of the betrayal Jesus said to him: "Friend, that thou doest, do quickly."

Friendship was the ruling *motif* of Jesus' life. The incarnation in itself was a revelation of the love of a friendly God. Jesus' ministry was in healing damaged bodies, steadying unstable minds, bringing joy to country weddings, straightening out ethical tangles, teaching men friendly uses of power, money, and influence. It was for friends that Jesus died—men, women and children in the mill of the world's work. If He could persuade them that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," He would be able to persuade others, and the new kingdom of grace and love would abide. Jesus not only gave His body, but He also gave His love and His friendship.

Again, He *dared all.*

The agony in the Garden revealed that Jesus had no assurance, save the certainty which faith always

brings, that He would not be obliterated and forgotten by the events of the morrow. The supreme crisis was now before Him, and He made the commitment of His life as one accustomed to tremendous hazards. By faith He saw beyond the blackness of the midnight sky and the desolation of loneliness to the light and fellowship of Easter morning.

Other men have made great risks to win honors for themselves or for their country. But Jesus was not fighting for Himself and His country; His kingdom was in human hearts everywhere, His citizenship was in the realm of the spirit. Victor Hugo said of the Little Corporal after Waterloo: "The Almighty became bored with Napoleon and brushed him aside." He, who was a gambler with countries and dynasties and thrones, who knew no law save his vaulting ambition, received only the response of a people infatuated with the glory of war. But Jesus dared all, and just beyond the blackest hour in history, just beyond the supreme hazard and the extremest pain, stood God to receive and to keep.

Who knew whether any one understood the gospel that Jesus was preaching when He steadfastly set His face to go toward Jerusalem, a journey with a gibbet as its destination? Who knew the fate of His friends, His ideas, His cause? Who knew the value

men would place upon faith in God, if He were killed in utter ignominy and forgotten in a harsh and graceless age? No human being knew, perhaps not even Jesus. Part of His agony was the sense of uncertainty. In spite of His supreme faith, the prayer of dereliction from the cross reveals that He was not spared even the agony of waiting for assurance. He dared risk His cause with a few grief-stricken and dejected men.

Jesus also dared all in regard to death itself. He was human as well as divine. Death was still a mystery unto Him. Its portals were just as black, its secrets unknown, its fears as terrific. Courage and faith were demanded of Him unto the end, as of all the sons of men. Jesus was a pioneer here or elsewhere going not reluctantly, but with "a frank and somewhat headlong carriage" into the great mystery of the other life. Rupert Brooke sensed something of Jesus' courage in his lines

Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
Those dusty highroads of the aimless dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered byway of the air,
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

The assurance of immortality is always most strongly with those who deserve to be immortal. Dr. James Denny, writing to a friend in 1908, remarked: "I see, in another book you sent, some Dublin man appealing to the Psychical Research Society for evidences of immortality. I wonder if it never occurs to such people that you *cannot* believe in immortality, unless you first believe in something which deserves to be immortal." Dr. James Y. Simpson, of New College, Edinburgh, in a recent volume on the problem of immortality, distinguishes between immortal and immortable, insisting that only the immortables, those who are fitted in quality of life, shall win through death to immortality. Those should win eternal life who deserved to win it, and such possess the conviction that life shall never end.

The conviction of the resurrection from the dead has not been reserved for Jesus alone. Spirits dedicated to the creation of beauty and of goodness, artists, statesmen, reformers and parents have in

their day irresistibly elicited the firm belief from their contemporaries that they should live again.

Jesus dared risk himself, his friends, his cause, to face alone the supreme mystery of death unto life.

And, in a high sense, *Jesus won all.*

Christ was weighed down with many anxieties in the Garden, the problem of human torture, apprehension for His friends and for His cause. The first perplexity probably did not cause Him a great deal of concern, for His mortal body would be done away with sooner or later, and life has always been cheap in the Near East. Care and affection for His friends was ever a dominant characteristic of Jesus. He was Himself to prove that greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. The problem as to whether His cause should live on, was a more difficult one. The survival value of ideas and causes is always the chief concern of devoted men and women. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson, wrote feelingly about the survival of supreme values in life after death. "The only miracle I care about," he wrote, "is the resurrection. If we live again, we certainly have reason for living now. I think that belief is the foundation hope of religion. . . . The President has it strongly. He is in fact deeply, truly religious."

Jesus was an answer to this question by living here as if He had reason and hope of living again.

John Hall Wheelock expresses the same high hope in his lines "The Victory":

I shall take flight from death on sudden wings
  In some swift song, he shall not have me here—
For all his cunning, all his snares and slings,
  I shall escape him, whom I fear.

Then, though he wander through all woods and ways,
  He will not reach to me, out of the strong
Net of these tangled nights and days
  Escaped forever in a song.

But now my wings are broken and I hide
  In this tall grass, to hear his foot go by
  Stealthily, stealthily—
Searching the field on either side.

Heal me, O Time, and I will rise again
  On swifter wings and for a surer flight,
    Remembering this pain!
So, when he comes, he shall not find me here
  By day or night—
    But search forever, and in vain.

The biographer of Lord Ashley closed his volume with this significant statement: "The devil, with sad

and sober sense on his grey face, tells the rulers of the world that the misery which disfigures the life of great societies is beyond the reach of human remedy. A voice is raised from time to time in answer; a challenge in the name of the Mercy of God, or the Justice of Nature, or the Dignity of Man. Shaftesbury was such a voice. To the law of indifference and drift, taught by philosophers and accepted by politicians, he opposed the simple revelation of his Christian conscience.

"This was his service to England; not the service of a statesman with wide plan and commanding will, but the service of a prophet speaking truth to power in its selfishness and sloth. When silence falls on such a voice, some everlasting echo still haunts the world, to break its sleep of habit or despair."

Jesus is the answer to questioning minds. Those who will give their best of body, mind, and spirit, those who will hazard all in faith, will win through the night of death and sorrow. From our discarded and fugitive lives, from our puny efforts and tiny desires there shall persist the hidden man of the heart, the man we might have been. That which is valuable shall live on, some everlasting echo, yes, and by Jesus' example, more than that, an everlasting personality, to go on in ampler realms of effort and

appreciation to fill out the scanty measure of our hurried days of earth.

When silence fell on Golgotha, the whole universe, material and divine, responded. He that saith, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live," saw His own words fulfilled and Himself hailed chief of all those who bear the mark of pain, those who have won through the cross and pain resurrection of every spiritual value.

Lost Contact With the Risen Lord

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."—John 20:13.

"*Nous avons chassé ce Jesus Christ.*" "We have driven out this Jesus Christ," said a Frenchman, after the disestablishment of the Roman Church in France, confusing the outward and visible sign with the inward and spiritual grace.

Political history abounds in the names of famous men who have been exiled or driven out, but Jesus possesses a perennial tenacity with which He lays hold of the mind and imagination of the race. No matter how dark the age or how adverse the circumstances, Jesus gradually emerges.

In the third century, when the Christians were crucified by the thousands and given as prey to lions in the Roman arena, when they were burned as torches in oil-soaked clothing along the Appian Way, they came forth from the catacombs and the cells of amphitheaters to triumph over the Empire. In the sixteenth century in Northern Europe, through the labors of Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, and Knox, Christ's

followers emancipated themselves from crass materialism and ecclesiastical tyranny. Again in the post-war world, Jesus is emerging from the *débâcle* of states, and philosophical systems, the single undamaged and trustworthy figure.

Bernard Shaw, in the preface to *Androcles and the Lion*, remarked that he saw no way out of the world's misery except "that which would have been found by Christ's will if he had undertaken the work of a modern political statesman." Says Richard Roberts: "You may suppress Him, bury Him in your Jerusalem, but you will hear of Him by and by in some distant Galilee where there are larger minds and simple hearts ready to receive Him."

The fact that Jesus and His cause can live in a remnant of the population of any age does not bring relief to large areas of men and women who grow up in oppression and want and live their lives in the shadow of other people's pleasure. If God's plan for the world is clear at all from the Scriptures, it is that the whole of society will be evangelized and the kingdoms of this world will become the places where Jesus' principles of purity, honesty, unselfishness, and love, shall be worked out in every phase of life. To bring about a better society requires the united, persistent, indomitable effort of numbers of conse-

crated people. Why is it, then, that after nineteen hundred years, with a Leader which friend and foe, atheist, pagan, and Philistine are willing to acknowledge as a peerless teacher and faultless guide—why is it that with such a One going ahead, modern civilization is frustrated by the chaos created by warring Christian nations? Why is it that, with all His spiritual resiliency and His statement of truth which inevitably wins the unqualified adherence of the best thinkers in century after century, Christendom faces a struggle for existence against gross hedonism, paganism, mind-healing cults, and spiritual indifference? At Easter time, when the spell of the Resurrection is abroad, men are apt to feel that their aspirations for a good world must inevitably win, but there is no necessity in the case. As William James said: "It looks like a fight with open futures." Jesus Christ and His principles will live on to be accepted by those who have ears to hear and eyes to see in every age, but the triumph of Christian missions and of the church in our own land may await a better and more willing generation for its fulfilment.

Why is it that the world is so slow to appropriate His purposes? Because these principles are hard to live out, because they require endurance, because they demand insight and sacrifice and forgiveness and

grace. All these elements do run *contra* to our natures at many junctures of life. But great masses follow Him afar off because they have laid their Lord away and they know not where they have laid Him. They have lost sight of Him and they have no contact. Hosts bow down in sorrow by a tomb no longer occupied, discouraged and broken in heart because they are unable to find Christ and help.

What has hidden the risen Lord from the gaze of men?

The new spirit of inquiry has undoubtedly damaged the faith of many. It has laid away the old assurance and they know not where it is to be found in historical uncertainty and philosophical relativity.

In the period which is just passing, Biblical criticism has been a stumbling stone to many people even though they have been unwilling to admit it. Those who have accepted the findings of linguistic and exegetical scholarship have often shown scorn to the uninitiated person who has found help for the day's work in an undiscriminating acceptance of the whole of the Scriptures, without reference to multiple authorship or differences of style. Sincere and unlearned worshipers have laid hold upon the great teachings from the experience of men with God recorded in that Book and it has availed for them.

On the other hand, many who have accepted the Scriptures without question or investigation assumed dogmatic and uncharitable attitudes toward honest seekers, who were willing enough to accept true teachings wherever found, but were so constructed that they wished to know how even the Bible originated and grew, wishing to apply the same canons of literary criticism to it as to any other books. This controversy has caused many men and women now middle-aged to grow hard toward people of exploratory and questioning minds; or, on the other hand, it has often caused the modernist to disassociate himself entirely from the believing community because of the bigotry of some who were unwilling to look the facts in the face. Christendom has suffered in this struggle because personalities and temperaments have obscured the search for truth, and the purposes of God have been halted until minds could cool and hearts grow steady. Many have laid their Lord away in some squabble over verbal inspiration or some point in prophecy, and find they know not where they have laid Him, while all the time a Figure stalked through the pages of the New Testament who in His sacrifice and compassion is adequate to save our tottering world. In the contest aroused forty years ago over evolution, now lately

revived with amusing thrusts from both sides of the controversy, many laid their Lord away. The student of geology and zoology finds animal life gradually unfolding is æons of years from the simple to the complex. He is driven to the belief that from a few primordial types there came in the fullness of time the multitudinous forms of plant and animal life. Henry S. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and of the Carnegie Foundation, remarked: "The man of science rests secure in the faith that he lives in a universe sustained by an infinite power whose laws make for righteousness and progress. Such a man looks, therefore, hopefully and confidently not only upon the physical processes of nature but upon the progress of his own race. Rising out of a brute ancestry, he sees the race growing century by century in intelligence and moral power. He has faith, therefore, that He who through millions of years has brought us up—it may be slowly, painfully—will lead us gradually into a stronger, nobler life in this world. Science has faith." But many scientists find faith difficult, and their followers, confused by the multiplex learning of our new scientific era, have gradually developed an honest but sterile agnosticism.

Thousands must believe in evolution, from their

study of natural science, as an explanation, not wholly perfect, of the unfolding drama of the life of the universe. On the other hand, many who have never taken courses in biology or histology or embryology find it impossible to believe the conclusions of the evolutionists. The present discussion has been marked by more heat than light in many circles, but, nevertheless, information is gradually being disseminated along these general lines which is winning acceptance. The sad thing is that for half a century families have quarreled about it, churches have split over it, and in recent years legislatures have voted on evolution as a fact, as if it were an appropriation for a new bridge or a measure of public health. Almost everywhere the issue has been raised, intolerance and bigotry, the two arch enemies of Christ's religion, have arisen and His teachings and His purposes have received a subordinate place. Temporarily the contestants have laid away their Lord while attempting to settle the truth about evolution, sometimes by votes, and when they have again addressed themselves to spiritual matters they have not infrequently found that the Source of spirituality is no longer with them.

Again, the relativity which was widespread in the new scientific treatment of history and was being

more widely recognized in other fields was augmented in scope by the recent discoveries and theories of Einstein. Facts, men thought axiomatic and indisputable, were suddenly made dependent and relative. Light no longer traveled in straight lines, gravity was not as dependable as formerly. No wonder then that thoughtful people, especially young men and women in student years, should find difficulty in laying hold of the intangible and abstract truths of the spiritual world and make them incarnate again in modern lines of service and faith and sacrificial character. The whole spiritual life of our generation has gone through shock after shock, Biblical criticism, evolution, relativity, and the strange incongruous spectacle of great Christian states backed by their clergy giving themselves to the annihilation of fellow believers in the most lethal and painful war which was ever fought, have all contributed to a general bewilderment of our spiritual insight.

The problems which have vexed men in Biblical criticism, evolution, and relativity, have found their counterpart in every branch of life, nearly always resulting in controversy, or in vague persistent doubts, in loss of faith in prayer, in Jesus as a personal Saviour and in His adequacy to meet the needs of the world and of the individual.

The new spirit of inquiry has caused many in their confusion to lay away their Lord, and they know not where they have laid Him.

Again, certain *malignant consequences of the recent conflict have obscured the figure of Jesus.*

Nearly all individuals and nations came out of the War with dulled consciences. In the dark hours of the conflict, for most peoples if not for all, the end justified the means. Cardinals and archbishops and pastors of obscure parishes called upon the God of Hosts to bless the arms of their nation. The God of Battles of the Old Testament was exhorted to send forth His thunderbolts of wrath to utterly consume an enemy who couched his prayer in precisely the same language. There was a moratorium on the pronouncement of principles recognized as Christian if they were prejudicial to national policy. War is hell and we have all been in hell and our consciences have grown dull. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon became the watchword of the Church, and for a time that ghostly figure silhouetted upon a cross against the blackness of earth's darkest night was obscured. In the hour of victory acts were committed which have made the wounds slow to heal. He whose resurrection is celebrated at Easter insisted that we have one Master and that all of us are brethren. Any per-

son or any nation or any settlement which does not recognize that is not of Him.

A decade has elapsed since the guns ceased firing and still large areas of the most developed parts of Christendom have sunk backward in the scale of civilization. There are many and complex reasons, but the major one is a certain dullness of conscience which halts conciliation and refuses forgiveness.

Our consciences have not only become *dull*, but our *thinking has become confused*. Thousands knelt to pray hourly on both sides of the lines, and nearly all prayed for victory. Many felt their words fly up and their thoughts remain below, growing more and more puzzled as the Four Horsemen stalked across the lands of both friend and foe. Obviously there was to be no victory for any one. Many bowed their heads and said, "Thy will be done"; others conditioned their faith in God that they should win, and lost, and are now bitter; others held to the faith that somehow God cared for all equally; and still others continue to pray for the sword of the Lord and of Gideon to smite their adversaries.

The sight of so much suffering has confused millions. Many wait beside graves in anguish and cannot find their Lord. A university graduate recently said, "I can't believe in God any more. If God is just, why

should He allow all this suffering?" The answer is that God did not cause the suffering. Men decided the issue at every stage in the chain of causation which led to the general conflagration. God could have made a world in which men were but automatons, but the sort of world He did create was a world of free men, who got off the track of useful endeavor on an unprecedented scale in August of 1914.

But the same question is before millions to-day. In the Levant, in the Balkans, in Russia, and in the Danube Basin, more have died from starvation and disease and exposure in these last years than died in battle during the War. The Four Horsemen are still abroad, Central and Eastern Europe throb with suffering and hunger, and the minds of men are confused.

Stimulated by new contacts and extraordinary circumstances, great numbers have been jarred out of the beaten mental tracks of their forebears. For many, there has been no bridge from unquestioning piety to instructed belief. They have marched up to the precipice and fallen headlong into atheism. They look for some one to blame, some one to follow, and some one to worship. The Church, which is composed of humans, has too often given them a nationalist or a class or a racial religion and it has not satisfied. The

priest and the prophet are as often in danger of chauvinism and sectionalism as the politician, and the features of Jesus Christ have often been hidden from believers by the preaching of militant patriotism. God is the God of all men, Teuton and Gaul, Slav and Saxon, black and white. But the spiritual forces were unable to keep this truth in the forefront of men's minds and we have been left with dulled consciences, confused minds and unchristian hatreds, which have obscured and hidden the Saviour of mankind. Men everywhere acknowledge that they have separated from Christ somewhere but have forgotten where.

In a day when countless thousands feel that they are caught like rats in a trap, when they see no way out, or a way so long and hard and difficult that only a few may reach safety upon the sacrifices of many, we can afford to shelve many of the problems which have hidden Christ. Research has not yet brought in the last word about the narratives in the Bible. No man can afford to dogmatize. Investigation of the earth will reveal more of God's handiwork through the long course of time. New and important discoveries await every branch of scholarship. Of this we can be sure—all truth is God's truth, whether it be a parable in St. John or some new discovery about light

by Professor Millikan, and we need not be afraid wherever it may lead.

The more pressing questions of conciliation and restitution and forgiveness are upon us for immediate answer. Shall we see only the sacrifice and the woe of the crucifixion through which a large part of what is dear and best to us has gone?

In a certain part of the service in the Greek Orthodox Church, the priest draws a curtain over the figure of Christ, hiding Him from the audience—a parable of those catastrophic events which have obscured His figure from millions in our generation. Why not pull aside this curtain of sophistry and hate and devious political intrigue and rediscover Him? We cannot run on the moral overlap which has somehow survived the Armageddon from which we are just emerging. We need to celebrate in a fresh and sincere manner the Resurrection of His Spirit in every life and in every nation.

On a Good Friday night a man stood bareheaded in the rain before a shop window. He was gazing at a striking display of a golden head of Christ in His agony upon the cross, with a background of royal purple. It was *apropos* and arresting on Good Friday, but on Easter morning the same display was still in the shop window. This anachronism is symbolic of the

mood of thousands who confess in anguish: "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him." Easter Day is not Good Friday! The same figure is celebrated, but a different mood must possess the heart of the worshipers. We must celebrate a risen Christ.

The story of Christ is not ended on the cross, it is ended in jubilation; it is not finished with the tomb, it is completed in a pæan of joy; it is not closed with sorrow, it is consummated in victory. If our generation has lost sight of the Lord in intellectual problems, or in passions of prejudices which have deluged us these recent years, if circumstances have laid Him away from our sight, we can claim His promises anew on His resurrection day and He will come to us again. Shall we sit, as Mary did, by an empty tomb, where our best hopes have been laid in travail and in sorrow, or shall we turn and see Him standing and hear Him say, "Why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" "Peace be unto you." "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."

The Experience of Delayed Hope

"But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel."—Luke 24:21.

Jesus' friends on Good Friday were not the first or the last to feel the numbing effect of having high hopes temporarily crushed in cruelty and bloodshed.

The long battle for freedom has been marked at every stage by the fickleness of people toward their most enlightened leaders. Exile, assassination, and torture have as often been the lot of public service as high office and acclaim. Labor has crept upward from a position with the beasts of the field, until now, in the midst of confusion and mistake, it is gradually working out a rational procedure in comparative freedom. But how often have its thinkers and prophets been forced to live in the strength of a delayed hope until their light should break on wider and wider circles of men. How often the beleaguered makers of freedom have trusted that at last Christ and His teaching were to redeem Society, only to see the realization of their fair dreams delayed until another generation.

The experience of the disciples is the experience of the faithful in any period; educators, sanitarians, statesmen, parents, prophets and priests have often felt their hopes mount. When at long last they have seen what they have believed to be the dawn of salvation, the day when the stupidity and self-will of the world should yield, they have found mysterious delay and unaccountable waiting. And yet had they keener vision they would have seen that redemption was nearer than they had dreamed.

The disciples were compelled *to walk in the strength of a delayed hope*. Their outward condition was the direct opposite to what they expected of God, but such had been the experience of their forebears. Had not Abraham been given a land flowing with milk and honey, and had they not twice been dispossessed? Had they not once been starved out, when drought made the land uninhabitable? The journey out of the land of Ur of the Chaldees had not been an easy one for Abraham and his people, for there had been desert places, food shortage, and armed enemies to combat. There was room for anxiety on the part of the Hebrew chief and those who were with him. The idea had begun to invade their minds that high hopes of the kingdom of God were not realized in one campaign or in one generation. It was to be the result of a progres-

sive movement in which there were danger, desertion, bereavement, and loneliness. In addition, there were spiritual conditions which must be met before the promises should be fulfilled. Jacob was compelled to send his sons to purchase grain in Egypt, and finally the tribes moved to the fertile plains of the Nile delta, under the protection of Joseph. But Joseph and the ruling Pharaoh died, and instead of becoming a prosperous people the descendants of Jacob were a desperate group of poverty-stricken captives, making bricks for Egyptian despots under the burning African sun. Hunger had driven them from the land of promise and had left them strangers in a strange land, with starvation at every door and a taskmaster's whip upon every back. Their outward condition did not correspond to their inward hope.

Jesus' distressed and disappointed friends were in the great succession of those who hope largely and suffer intensely. All who dare greatly must bear burdens, endure dangers, and face periods of waiting. When Daniel Boone traveled across the Alleghenies to settle Kentucky—Bloody Ground, the Indians called it—he said to the settlers of Virginia that he was "an instrument ordained by God to settle the wilderness." He came to the Atlantic seaboard with the mud of the great rivers of the West upon his

moccasins, from the Ohio, the Wabash, and the Mississippi, calling for recruits to put the prairies of the West under the plow. Henry Clay once put his ear to the ground on the narrow highway that led through Cumberland Gap to the west and said he was listening to the footsteps of oncoming hundreds of thousands who would one day journey to the wide lands beyond the mountains. In 1836 over one hundred thousand pioneers traveled the famous Wilderness Road,—women with their children in their arms, men and boys rifle in hand, herding the cattle, or carrying the family property on their backs. They were people cherishing a high promise in their hearts, to meet Indian ambush, starvation, disease, and heartbreaking toil.

Among these pioneers was a woman who came alone, bearing an infant girl who was to be the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Carl Sandburg says of Nancy Hanks, when she had grown to years: "Her dark skin, dark brown hair, keen little gray eyes, outstanding forehead, somewhat accented chin and cheek bones, body of slender build, weighing about one hundred and thirty pounds—these formed the outward shape of a woman carrying something strange and cherished in her ways of life. She was sad with sorrows like dark stars in blue mist. The hope

was burned deep in her that beyond harsh clay paths, the everyday scrubbing, washing, patching, fixing, the babble and gabble of to-day, there were pastures and purple valleys of song. . . . She had seen the tall hills of Kentucky . . . for her there were tongues of promises over it all. She believed in God, in the Bible, in mankind, in the past and future, in babies, people, animals, flowers, fishes, and foundations and roofs, in time and the eternities outside them; she was a believer, keeping in silence behind her gray eyes more beliefs than she spoke. . . . So much of what she believed was yonder, always yonder. Every day came scrubbing, washing, polishing, fixing. There was so little time to think or sing about the glory she believed in. It was always yonder."

This woman with her dreams died at thirty-six, a pioneer sacrifice, "with memories of monotonous endless everyday chores, of mystic Bible verses read over and over for their promises, and with memories of blue wistful hills and a summer when crab-apple blossoms flamed white and she carried a boy-child into the world."

Nancy Hanks was one of many frontier women who joined hands with the sons and daughters of Jacob, who went into a strange land to experience delayed hope. She and hundreds like her were starved

emotionally and intellectually, but they were believers and they held to the promise. They were believers in a hope that lay ahead. They believed in the dust and heat and sweat of daily work, they believed when the sun and rain blessed their crops, they believed when the plagues afflicted Egypt, they were believers in the ultimate salvation of their people in a future day, out yonder. They believed in times of rejoicing and in periods of starvation and of thirst.

The faithful of every generation have been compelled to walk by the ancient visions constantly renewed.

The disappointed and heartsick men who had gone through the highways and byways of Palestine with Jesus were not the first nor the last to have the experience of delayed hope.

Again, Jesus' friends learned that the *condition for the fulfilment of God's promise was obedience.*

It was a partial commitment which kept the Israelites from the Promised Land. A similar reservation was made by the young man whom Jesus told to sell all that he had. It was the lack of unconditional acceptance of Jesus' ideas of love and humility and service which left His scattered disciples desolate and distracted. They had not yet learned the supreme spiritual lesson that obedience is the condition pre-

cedent of knowing the fullness of the power of God. Guizot, the French historian, remarked upon the necessity for man's trusting himself obediently in the hand of God, "man advances in the execution of a plan which he has not conceived and of which he is not even aware. He is the free and intelligent artificer of a work which is not his own. . . . Conceive a great machine, the design of which is centered in a single mind, though its various parts are entrusted to different workmen, separated from, and strangers to one another. No one of them understands the work as a whole, nor the general result which he concurs in producing; but every one executes with intelligence and freedom, by rational and voluntary acts, the particular task assigned to him."

The plans of God always wait until men are wholly enlisted. The promises of God are sure and certain—but they are conditional on wholehearted allegiance. When men try their own way and follow their own whims, the promise is always unfulfilled, for they automatically hold up the release of God's power through them. The spiritual tides cannot flow through obstructed channels. Not until men learn the lesson of obedience to God do they realize the promises many times renewed, but held in abeyance.

Of all qualities, spiritual willingness is the rarest

and highest—a quality above and beyond passivity and resignation. It is essentially the quality which Jesus possessed when in the Garden He said: "The cup my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?" But obedience is often won at the price of hard discipline.

Only sorrow and pain can create spiritual mellowness and obedience in many. Of all the robust and self-reliant spirits who have occupied the White House, none have exceeded in sheer bravado General Andrew Jackson, known as "Old Hickory." He came to Washington bearing the scars of a hundred battles in swamps and in the great stretches of the West, carrying in his body the bullets of Tennessee duelists and of Indians, a man seasoned in danger and accustomed to privation and forced marches. He was a bold, careless, and in a religious sense disobedient son of the frontier. But when his wife died, a friend wrote of him: "General Jackson was never quite the same man afterward; her death subdued his spirit and corrected his speech." The rampant self-sufficiency was gone; refined in the furnace of grief, it was transformed to a higher and finer quality of obedience. How often it takes disaster, pain, privation, some arresting and overwhelming circumstance, to subdue our rebellious spirits and correct our speech!

How often, after the education which only loss and a readjustment of life entails, are we able to say of our wills:

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in thine own will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And thou give back my gift it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with thee, so filled with grace divine,
I may not feel or know it as my own.
But, gaining back my will, may find it thine.

Do the promises of God for your life fail to correspond to the outward conditions of the present moment? It is not only the appreciation and the knowledge of men that God wants; it is their obedience.

The tiny group which scattered after the crucifixion as sheep without a shepherd, found that their aspirations were not fulfilled as they held them, but they nevertheless became the founders of the early Church. When upon the return of the risen Lord they gave their minds and hearts and wills, which had been only partially committed before that cosmic tragedy on Calvary, they entered into the fullness of power and began that process of evangelization which in the faith of Christians shall redeem the world.

"We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." Yes, it may be a longer and a harder process than either the disciples or their contemporary followers dreamed. Nevertheless, we are commissioned and sent forth with the promise, "Go . . . and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The Living Christ for Present Need

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"—Luke 24:5.

Certain personalities have left a profound impression upon human history. Schoolboys playing in the ruins of Macedonia pause to reflect upon the glory of Alexander, German youth poring over the history of sixteenth-century Europe kindle with admiration at the faith and courage of Martin Luther, black-aproned French children standing in the golden light which filters down upon the tomb of Napoleon are fired by the determination of the little corporal. Names stand out on the pages of history with special glory, power, and meaning. But Jesus is more than a stimulus to reflection, He does more than excite admiration, He means more than rampant ambition and soldierly valor. The name of Jesus is more than a memory of mighty deeds and elevated thought. He stands the one perfect figure perpetually emerging from the *mêlée* of century after century, kindling, inspiring, possessing the hearts of men as a present companion and comrade. The faith of Christianity is centered not

only in the compassionate healer and teacher binding up bruised bodies and damaged souls, not only in that act of love on Golgotha when the Son of God became sin for us upon the bitter wood, but supremely in the risen Lord, the emerging, triumphant Jesus who could not be holden of the grave, perennially self-giving, eternally saving and to save.

Upon that first day of the week, when Jesus' friends came to the grave, the two angelic figures who stood by the open sepulchre asked the question men of faith should ask each other in every generation—Why seek ye the living among the dead?

From the point of view of practical religion Jesus is considered in three major aspects: as an historical figure, the Jesus of history; as an object of reflection, the Jesus of theology; and as a companion in present experience, Jesus as a friend who sticketh closer than a brother. All three aspects have immense significance. The historical background of Jesus and His time illuminates the gospel story, and Christendom is deeply indebted to painstaking scholars who have labored and are laboring upon the sacred text, and who bring corroborating testimony from archaeology and allied branches of learning. Men are incurably philosophical and naturally reflect upon the mystery of the incarnation, the crucifixion and the resurrection of our Lord,

and their observations are helpful in the intellectual undergirding of our faith. But more than as a historical person, or as an object of philosophical speculation, Jesus possesses the minds of men as a present companioning reality, a contemporary figure, alive unto God and unto every human hope and need. The Jesus of history, the Jesus of theology, the living Christ, are aspects of that one radiant personality.

Consider Him in this latter aspect—Jesus the risen Lord eternally available to all who will call upon him.

Why seek the living Christ *in the débris of dead disputes?*

Religion to be a transforming force must always be fervid. Enthusiasms and convictions have always run high wherever souls were being reëstablished and the faithful have issued forth from their centers as self-propagating missionaries. No wonder in a matter which above all requires faith and conviction, and to which is necessarily attached intense missionary zeal, there have been bitter disputes. Even Paul separated from Barnabas on a missionary journey.

The disputes about Jesus, how He was born, Who He was, what He proposed to create, have been perennial and frequently bitter. Contemporary theological controversy centers about these questions.

But should men of faith seek the living Christ

among dead disputes over formulæ composed by human minds? Those who stand for the virgin birth are as a rule strong supernaturalists. Why then not admit the possibility that God could have given Jesus to the world in any way He chose? They will not find the living Christ in harsh contentions regarding Jesus' advent into the world. God never conditions His grace upon any theory. Those who believe that the divinity of Jesus rests not upon His birth but upon His transcendent moral excellence will also do well to temper their arguments, for disputation most often leads to a pride which kills the flower of religion. Jesus' own dictum, "by their fruits ye shall know them," is the final test as applied to Himself. By the harvest of His mind and heart and ministry men shall recognize His divinity. The pagan centurion was unlearned in any theory of Jesus' birth or ministry, nevertheless he confessed before the cross, "surely this man was the son of God." Men do not find the living companion of their joys and sorrows in bitter jibes at opposing theories about Jesus, but in attachment to Him Who is at present available for them, the healing of Whose seamless robe is by every bed of pain.

In like manner rigid adherence to any one theory of the resurrection will not bring a discovery of the

power of the risen Lord. Not in intellectual convictions about the Jesus of history, not in theories regarding the Christ of theology, but always in outreaching faith in the living and present Saviour do men find power. Why seek the living among dead disputes?

Again, *why seek the living among ancient memories?*

Faith not infrequently is based on memories rather than present experience. Our hearts go back to special visitations of divine grace forgetting that here and now are new experiences in store for us, fresh resources for each human need, undreamed of reservoirs of spiritual power to redeem the impotency of our feeble lives.

There is a strange fascination about memory which sometimes keeps us away from the sharp actualities and possibilities of the present. The imagination so quickly adjusts itself to living in our yesterdays that we sometimes miss what to-day has in store for us.

There is a sweetness about sorrow, when in utter helplessness we sense the reality of everlasting arms beneath us, which often causes us to nurse our woes, unconsciously calling on friends for unwonted amounts of sympathy and affection. Jesus does stay with us in every bitter trial, but He leads on through

the vale of tears, through Good Friday to Easter Day.

Disaster and failure also bring their subtle forms of self-indulgence. There is a pleasure in recrimination and excuse, a selfish enjoyment in the affection of loving friends who surround us at such hours with thoughtfulness and care.

Again there is a spiritual weakness which avails itself of past doubts to justify present indifference. But the doubts of twenty may have no basis at forty. The experiences of yesteryear can never substitute for contact with the living God and day by day experiences with Him.

Why seek the living Christ among memories of ancient times of faith, past sorrows, old disasters, and bygone doubts? Jesus was in these experiences, but He can be found apart from them as a new fresh experience for our day. Why seek the living among dead memories?

Why also, seek the living Christ *in the dead spirituality of human personalities?* The dominant mood of a group will generally determine the thought of its members. It is all too true that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Many a staunch believer finding himself thrust into association with those who are gently patronizing, mildly cynical or openly hostile to religion, realizes when faced with

some sudden need that his faith has evaporated. Faith, living faith, authentic first-hand faith can never depend upon the vagaries of associates.

Neither can faith in the living Christ depend upon one's friends, even the closest and dearest friends, for friends are human and in the ups and downs of life many through neglect or sin find their faith in no condition to carry them, let alone bear another's weight.

Faith is often a lonely affair as Jesus bore home to the young man in the valley of indecision when He said, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Even those within the close circle of the home sometimes fail in that measure of spiritual insight, whole-souled consecration, and obedience which are the conditions of knowing the will of God and of achieving freedom and power in the life of religion.

Associates and friends and those close to us by ties of blood become dead unto spiritual values or arrested in their development and can easily prove a source of confusion as well as a tower of strength. Why seek the living Christ among those whom we may love but who for a time at least have lost Him?

Nor is He to be found in our dead selves and in our blighted yesterdays. The brave resolutions of the past have so often been mutilated by our self-serving

and self-forgiving spirits that we lack an hospitality to His leading and His presence which makes us God-guided and God-possessed spirits. No man has lived bravely enough or worthily enough to turn back to himself as the source of his own salvation, the dwelling place of the living Christ.

Not in dead disputes, not in ancient memories, not in atrophied spiritual lives, but always in turning directly to Him in adoration and praise and prayer, do men find that living source of light and energy and compassion which alone can heal our souls and present us spotless before His presence with exceeding joy. "Come unto me, . . . Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me." "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Moral Inevitability

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6:7,8.

The inexorable working of moral law from one generation to another impresses the sceptic as fate and the believer as the hand of God. The inevitability which runs through life sometimes appals us—the past controlling the present, and the present determining the future. A famous professor once spoke to the boys at Hotchkiss School on the text, "What you are at twenty you will be at forty, only more so." How hard it is to correct a mannerism, a grammatical error which has fixed itself upon the tongue, a moral weakness entrenched in habit, or a dominant mood. Those who have insight see in the realm of spiritual values a definite and an inevitable sequence.

Most of us profess that we do not believe in chance, but in a dependable and trustworthy world, and yet to an amazing degree we act as though we believed in chance.

Day after day we hope that some lucky coincidence

will rid us from the necessity of paying the price of past carelessness or crime, and that life will return to us a larger wage of wealth and happiness and spiritual power than we have actually earned. At our very best we see, as Luther saw, "the filthy puddle of one's own righteousness," and resolve to do better; but in the daily give-and-take we find life hurried, confused and fleeting, and we trust to luck. This spiritual habit of taking a chance is an affront unto God, for it is essentially a denial of faith, refusing to believe that He is head of a moral and orderly universe, where immoral and disorderly lives will be called to account, as well as a place where heroic and noble action shall ultimately be rewarded.

There are two quite obvious ways in which the inevitability of moral law works itself out in life.

In the first place we reap *the harvest of our moods.*

An arresting fact about the law of harvest in the spiritual world is that we even reap the fruitage of our unconscious moods. One rather expects to be called to account for overt acts wilfully committed, but it brings us up with a start to realize that just as truly do our unconscious moods bear their harvest of blessing or of curse. A great Russian remarked on this phase of spiritual harvest: "Every day and every hour, every minute, walk around yourself,

watch yourself, and see that your image is a seemly one. You pass by a little child, you pass by, spiteful, with ugly words, with wrathful heart; you may not have noticed the child, but he has seen you, and your image unseemly and ignoble may remain in his defenceless heart. You don't know it, but you may have sown an evil seed in him and it may grow." Even our unconscious moods can bless or curse those near us.

It is a sad thing to go into a home where spontaneous laughter stops immediately when some member returns,—some one who halts the free flow of speech and of love, some one whose unconscious influence makes others ill at ease, some one who causes them to feel inadequate or unworthy, or as subjects for criticism or reprobation. Is there any one who has not felt poignant remorse when some one has gone beyond the portals of death, not for any special act of cruelty, but perhaps for a distant, withholding, or overcritical attitude which has rested like a dead weight upon the heart of one to whom we can no longer make amends? Even gentle satire and mild and piquant cynicism can come as a corroding, blasting force upon a young or a tender life. The hardest blows are not struck with fists, which fall upon men's faces, but with words which wound their hearts.

Jesus was always trying to get back beyond the

overt acts of men, so often controlled by fear or accident, to their inner life. Men are like icebergs, nine-tenths below the surface and one-tenth above. Jesus sought to get at these inner, submerged, habitual thinking centers which control the ordinary, outward, and almost automatic actions of men. He sought to win control eventually of their unconscious action. No man is safe as a workman, or a sportsman, or a Christian, who must gauge each word and estimate each action. Grace and precision and power come when the inner life is working smoothly and the outward unconscious life is correspondingly harmonious. The inner mood determines the outer act. Our unconscious moods inevitably bless or curse our homes, our fellow workers, and ourselves.

We shall also reap the harvest of our acts. Although the statement, "whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is accepted as a truism, it is often forgotten; yet without it no one can understand the history of our times, or of his own family, or of his own soul.

Sometimes there is a swift Nemesis which dogs our tracks and calls us to pay up almost immediately; sometimes it is decades before the long cycle of sowing and reaping is complete. George Jean Nathan, the brilliant and cynical editor of the *American Mercury*,

wrote a short story with the scene laid in the house of a poor Parisian electrician. A child is very ill and the father is away at his work. The doctor comes and advises immediate operation. Hasty arrangements are made and the doctor begins his work. He sterilizes. He makes one incision and then another. Suddenly the lights go off. "Why did you turn off the light?" raps out the doctor. "I didn't," replies the panic-stricken mother. At last a candle is found. It is too late—the baby is dead. Through the open window comes the sound of the Marseillaise and of marching men. The husband breaks into the room with a shout of triumph: "Hurrah, we are all on strike; there isn't a light burning in all Paris!" Swift payment for a lack of social responsibility.

Sometimes harvest is delayed. The French *émigrés* in England and Germany were loud in their denunciation of Marat and Robespierre and of other leaders of the French Revolution, alleging that all their ills were due to a few radical agitators. As a matter of fact they were reaping the inevitable result of the misdeeds of their class for a century. As bad as the world is, there is a rough moral order that brings judgment day to classes as well as to individuals. All France groaned and travailed together for a generation as the result of the moral slackness of the ruling

classes under the Bourbons. The wheat and tares grew together until the harvest, and the harvest of both was inevitable.

Our own Civil War was not caused by John Brown at Ossawatomie, or by the Kansas-Nebraska Act or the Missouri Compromise, or by the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, or by William Lloyd Garrison and the abolitionists. It was not caused by Abraham Lincoln and the Republican Party. It was the distant but inevitable judgment day upon a theory abroad in the colonies and in the first eight decades of our national life that one group of men could hold as chattels the bodies of other men. Wrapped around this doctrine was a whole body of political, commercial, and ecclesiastical sophistry which had been builded up to justify the slave trade, until it could only be wiped out in seas of blood, a late harvest of the sins of erring ancestors.

Our recent struggle, as we are seeing more and more each month, was the inevitable consequence of previous unethical treaties based on avarice and fear. It was judgment day for a whole European epoch, rather than for any one nation, guilty as that nation was.

The last five years in Russia have been marked by intolerance, oppression, bloodshed, and wholesale dispossession of many thousands. Was it the creation

of Stalin and Zinoviev or of Lenin and Trotsky? It was the logical and sure response of a people to two hundred and fifty years of bad government. The Russian orgy justifies the trustworthiness and dependability of human response to good or bad treatment rather than the reverse. Dostoievsky saw Bolshevism coming thirty-five years ago. One of his characters in his book, *The Possessed*, gives the whole genesis of the present Red Russia:

"Listen," cries one who is seeking to destroy the world, "I've reckoned them all up: a teacher who laughs with children at their God is on our side. The lawyer who defends an educated murderer because he is more cultured than his victims and could not help murdering to get money is one of us. The school boys who murder a peasant for the sake of sensation are ours. The juries who acquit every criminal are ours. The prosecutor who trembles at a trial for fear he should not seem advanced enough is ours, ours. Among officials and literary men we have lots, lots, and they don't know it themselves. . . . Do you know how many we shall catch by little, ready-made ideas? When I left Russia, Littré's dictum that crime is insanity was all the rage: I come back and I find that crime is no longer insanity, but simply common sense, almost a duty; anyway, a gallant protest. . . .

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The Russian God has already been vanquished by cheap vodka. The peasants are drunk, the mothers are drunk, the churches are empty, and in the peasant courts one hears, 'Two hundred lashes or stand us a bucket of vodka.' Oh, this generation has only to grow up. . . . Ah, what a pity there is no proletariat. But there will be, there will be; we are going that way."

In other words, the confusion and disorder in the Russian heart and mind in the 1890's brought the inevitable harvest of confusion and disaster of our day. The streets of Moscow ran red in 1918 because responsible men dawdled in 1905. Given like conditions in New York or London, we shall reap a like result. Nowhere are human relations fixed. The future is full of danger, and the only reliable principle is the inevitable response in kind, to good and to bad treatment.

When Jesus faced the culminating act of His life He was not the victim so much of the soldiers, or of Pontius Pilate, or of the High Priests, or of the mob. His death was the inevitable climax of a long period of political, philosophical and theological confusion. Values were all mixed up, the best and the worst were inextricably jumbled. The old self-discipline and humility of the prophets were gone. Christ was the

victim of a low set of value judgments, of spiritual smugness, and of moral irresponsibility, the inevitable results of which are cruelty and baseness and bloodshed. The whole purpose of the first communion was to instill in His friends a new set of values, spiritual earnestness and moral responsibility. He knew full well what was to crucify Him; and the same forces, if left unchecked, will crucify the best life of any age.

"But he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Moral inevitability works toward destruction or it tends toward the resurrection and survival of all that is Christlike in personality and life.

Jesus put faith and love and hope into His ministry of healing and reëstablishment. In a sense He committed God before men, for Jesus had in His keeping, in the short life which He lived in the flesh, the revelation of the fullness of God's love and grace. Continually in these intermediate decisions which led to Golgotha Jesus was sowing unto the Spirit. Refusing to leave the lost sons of the house of Israel for more hospitable sections, casting in His lot with the underprivileged, holding before men unalterable ethical standards, healing the halt, the dumb and the blind, discovering the overlooked, the depressed, and the lost, making wise the simple, and redeeming the

wanton or the over-sophisticated, were the modes by which he constantly expressed His inner light. He was sowing unto the Spirit and of the Spirit He reaped life everlasting.

The resurrection was no accident, but a dramatization in one perfect life of the divine law that faith shall reap its harvest as well as evil, and that love crushed to earth shall rise again.

The Necessity for Constant Spiritual Renewal

"Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."—II Cor. 4:16.

Life is based upon the principle of alternation, prayer and effort, sleep and waking, work and play, death and resurrection. Our bodies fall into disrepair like old machines. Tissue is worn out or wasted, and nothing but slow rebuilding cell by cell will make us new again. That part of us which is the real self, the personality, also becomes threadbare and in need of repair. The poise of early morn is dissipated by noon, the peace with which we begin the day is often wholly gone by nightfall. In the rhythm of life we find need of the resource of which Paul was speaking to the Corinthians, the constant resurrection from the dead past, the divine renewal which, day by day, comes to lives that are wearing out, that "though your outward man perish, your inner man is renewed day by day."

The finest exhibition of the dignity of humankind is that which is seen in a person who has lived a life of pain and want and has still kept his inner cohesion

and unity. It is always easier to break up, to live bulwarked with good excuse, but devoid of spiritual victory. In the second dramatic moment in the Book of Job, the devil is saying to the Almighty, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth thy hand now and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." And the Lord said to Satan, "Behold, he is in thine hand, but save his life." And Job was smitten. Then said his wife unto Job, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die." But Job renewed his strength by harking back to former mercies. In days when he was not afflicted he had seen the goodness of God and had rejoiced. The memory of those days renewed him, and beneath the burden of affliction he refused to let his personality go down in the blackness of atheistic despair. Though his outward man perished, his inward man was renewed moment by moment.

We need renewal in our *affections*. Wilberforce once said, speaking of Pitt, "Our friendship has starved for want of nutriment." Any affection will gradually fade away if left alone, any loyalty will perish if left unnurtured, any virtue will grow weak which is not passionate and directed.

The untrodden paths of human association in families, and out of them, become clogged with all

sorts of brambles—thorns of misunderstanding and suspicion, underbrush of malice and of discontent. Very often some one who is in rebellion against a neglected Deity finds the old ties grow strong and adequate in a renewal of prayer and reflection, treading again the neglected ways of earlier years. When no specific occurrence can be designated which has restored the lost affection, the love of old friends will renew the broken bond. The boy who sat among swine in a far country meditating upon his father and the old home was at first cool to any suggestion of return, but the more he thought about it, the more hospitable he was to the idea. But when he was in sight of his father's outstretched arms, his old affection flamed up. Tissot's picture of this incident conceives the father as a gigantic person wrapping the son in his arms. He found renewal in return to the neglected place of boyhood love and in treading old paths again. No need for him and the father to rehearse transgression and pardon—each was aware that the other had renewed his affection.

Family ties, based upon subtle understanding and sympathy, often break between parent and child, between man and wife. Dogmatic and impatient attitudes, assumed by many otherwise loving parents because of the pressure of fatigue and hard work,

often bring the wreck of filial devotion. The failure of man and wife to share reading or amusements or ideas, or supremely those conceptions of God and life so difficult to discuss but so vital to abiding happiness, leave heartbroken men and women wondering why the devotion of early married years has paled in the severe struggle of life.

In home and business, in school and profession, we need a renewing touch upon our affections—a constant resurrection of our damaged inward life.

Again, we need renewal day by day, not only in affections but also in *imagination*. When one stands in the cathedral at Chartres or Amiens or Rouen, one is impressed with the fact that generations of poor agricultural people were able to renew their vision, decade by decade, until they finally left a perpetual survival of their idea of the city of God. Their outward man perished in the wars and hardships of a turbulent age, but their inward light burned on, and their mute voices in pillared stone confess their faith to an age with less insight and feebler devotion.

Men cry out for a renewal of their imagination in a day when fair dreams have been crushed on an unprecedented scale. One of the most pathetic chapters following the Lausanne Treaty is the gradual driving out of the missionaries of the American Board

from the Turkish hinterland after a century of work of schools, dispensaries, churches, and hospitals. How to see the work of three lifetimes of men and women wiped out and to renew a dream of Christian culture in the most confused area of two continents, is a poignant problem for the human spirit.

These are sore spots to which Paul was accustomed. He had been worshiped as Jupiter and he had been stoned out of town. Of the Jews five times he had received forty stripes save one, thrice was he beaten with rods, once he was stoned, thrice he suffered shipwreck, a night and a day he had spent in the deep. To keep a vision of a fellowship of churches throughout the Levant and to carry the gospel past Rome to Spain and Western Europe was a determination to tax the abilities of any man who ever lived, and in the midst of his perplexities and bodily ills Paul wrote to the fellowship at Corinth. The inward man, the man of imagination and foresight and adventure and courage, the man of dreams and desires, that man was renewed day by day. That which in Jesus was crucified and broken could in men be renewed as in Him.

Who has a dream of a better educational system, a finer code of professional ethics, a more literary and less sensational press, better hospitals and sanitation,

who in any branch of public service does not need a renewal of imagination day by day, as insidious interests and the vast inertia of life seem combined to wreck and ruin our greatest hopes.

Who dreams of a sweeter and fresher home life, of a more moderate judgment, a tongue less sharp, a gentler and more considerate touch upon the life of others, an outreach of appreciation and affection, who does not cry out for a revival of that dream in the midst of the years?

Paul's daily contact with his supreme loyalty made fresh and vivid the mental picture which he had of the work he was carrying forward. Thinking again of the validity of his commission, praying again for daily strength, adoring again the Leader who had now been crucified over twenty years, remembering Stephen who had been stoned to death and the faithful band at Antioch and Ephesus and in Anatolia, daily *renewed the inner man of imagination.*

Paul not only renewed his affections and his dreams, but supremely his *dedication.*

This experience of redetermination is one often portrayed in the Bible. At a certain time Isaac returned to his ancestral environment and the Lord appeared unto him and said: "I am the God of Abraham, thy father: fear not, for I am with thee,

and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake." And Isaac builded an altar there as a symbol of his rededication. Years later his son Jacob came to the same place near Beersheba and offered sacrifice to the God of his father Isaac. He too heard the voice of the Lord in the ancestral abode: "I am God, the God of thy father. Fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will there make thee a great nation." In the strength of this promise Jacob rose up to go, his purpose renewed. A touch with the rich tradition of the past had saved him. The memories of Abraham, of desert marches, midnight raids, fortitude in face of hunger and want, devotion to a high ideal amid every discouragement, the moral splendor of the Friend of God,—all these things swarmed about him and in renewing his touch with the heroic past he saved himself in a dangerous moment. The consciousness of being in a great succession saved him from renouncing his former dedication.

The brothers Goncourt in *Germinie Lacerteux*, describing the temptation of a young woman in Paris, who found the circumstances of her life inviting her to throw over the determinations of her early years, wrote: "In an instant the honor of her whole life had reared itself between her hand and the key. Her past of probity, disinterestedness, devotion, twenty years

of resistance to the evil counsels of that corrupt district, twenty years of contempt for theft, twenty years in which her pocket had not contained a farthing belonging to her employers, twenty years' indifference to lucre, twenty years in which temptation had not approached her, her lengthened and natural honesty, the confidence of her employer—all these came back to her at a stroke. The years of her youth embraced her and took her back. From her family even, from the recollections of her parents, from the pure memory of her wretched name, from the dead from whom she sprang, there arose as it were a murmuring of guardian shadows around her. For a second she was saved." Though her outward self suffered want and poverty, her inward life was reinforced by communion with what life had formerly contained of goodness and beauty,—something no one could ever take away.

The solitary British officer on the Afghan frontier station who donned full dress each day for dinner and dined alone was not a crank. The externals of dress carried with them association of those who believed in him, and held him true. In a sense they were sacramental—the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace in a far away island called home. How often some book, some photograph, or a crucifix

stands as a shield and buckler to us in far away lands!

These were the renewals of which Paul was writing his beleaguered friends,—renewals of affection, resurrected dreams, realignment of major determinations. The body grows old and disintegrates cell by cell, but the inward man is made over daily.

But many may claim that the start which they have made is too bad, too ugly, too incongruous, too far from perfection to be worth renewing. Their affections have never been set on high things, their dreams have never soared like an eagle, they have never known what it is even to walk and not faint. They have never made any great dedication of themselves. Most of the characters whom Jesus touched were committed to ways of life more or less imperfect. He was a specialist in mankind that was over-cautious and discouraged and broken. The tree which emerges from the remains of last year, robed in glory, has no entirely new creation with which to respond to the call of spring; it makes response with what it has. The perfect chance to do the perfect thing with a perfect bodily and intellectual equipment will never come; but the opportunity to rededicate our personalities comes daily.

By return to old scenes, old haunts, old associations, to neglected practices of devotion men renew their inner life—the sacramental influence of ordinary ob-

jects calls forth a response to the divine. Pascal said: "If you take holy water regularly, you will presently believe." The daily return to adoration of God restores and renews a faltering spirit. Newman in the day of his heaviest burdens in later life returned to the scene of his earlier persecutions. As he leaned upon the gate through which he had often passed to stormy interviews and misunderstanding, he broke down and wept, but the touch with his old loyalties restored his soul.

At the age of fifty-eight, Mark Twain was forced into bankruptcy through a publishing venture. "Ninety-eight per cent. of those who fail at fifty-eight never come back again." Old business friends said to him: "Business is business, sentiment is sentiment, but this is business." His wife said: "No, you pay one hundred cents on the dollar." Mr. Henry Wade Rogers sided with Mrs. Clemens, and Samuel E. Moffat, his nephew, coined a phrase which went around the world, "Honor knows no statute of limitations." Mark Twain went back in his mind to his early life on the Mississippi; memories of faithful friends, the code of the frontier, sustained him, and he renewed his dedication to honesty and integrity. Instead of pleading the privileges of bankruptcy, he set about to pay off the indebtedness and in eight years was free of debt.

Like Isaac, returning to boyhood loyalties saved him. Mark Twain did more than pay back one hundred cents on the dollar—he slipped a spiritual gold piece into the palm of every one who has ever heard the tale.

Jesus' friends needed reinforcement not only on Easter when after three days Jesus rose from the dead to comfort and establish his dejected followers, but also throughout the long years of trying missionary work when the spell of Jesus' immediate touch had somewhat dimmed. They stood in need of a continuing source of strength and a perennial resurrection of all spiritual values. Such resources Paul found in the risen Lord and of this he was reminding his friends.

The recurrent touch with the things of God is the supreme restorer. Though the outward man perish, the inward man of affection, of imagination, and of dedication, is renewed day by day.

The Coming of the Risen Lord to Individual Believers

"After that he appeared in another form unto two of them." Mark 16:12.

Every movement has circles within circles about its leader. There was the group of over five hundred to whom Jesus appeared; there were the seventy whom He sent out two by two to preach, heal, and teach; there were the twelve who went with Him; there were James and John, and there was Peter. To each Jesus showed a different personality, another aspect of His love, and from each He received a separate response. Just as any other sensitive friend amplifies some special virtue such as courage, fortitude, patience, or endurance, so Jesus revealed different qualities to those about Him. He fitted His approach to human need. Thomas responded to Him differently than did the woman at the well, but he ended with the same allegiance.

When numbers commemorate any great event there are wistful souls who trust that in the general celebration their spirits will be rekindled as in some former time when faith was more vivid. Their hearts

expand to the widespread exaltation, perhaps not even hoping that there is a private, personal, individual meaning for themselves alone. "After that he appeared in another form unto two of them." He will come to meet individual need in an individual, personal sense. He will never mean to any one exactly what He means to some one else.

It would have been a rare experience to be one of the crowd of His followers to celebrate His triumph over hatred and wickedness and treachery, but it is another and finer experience to respond in one's own being so that Easter will have an unmistakable individual significance. "He appeared . . . to two of them." Any earnest heart desiring His presence, His spirit, and the fellowship of His sufferings will find Him accessible. As on the Fourth of July we celebrate the effort made by brave men for freedom of the spirit and representative political institutions, as on Thanksgiving Day we focus our attention upon the multitude of our blessings, as on Christmas we bow in adoration before a manger with a wee child in it, so on Easter Day heaven and earth and all living things seem to celebrate the response which God made to the personality of Jesus Christ. The resurrection is a perpetual memorial of the fact that the mind and heart of Jesus could not be holden of death. In a transitory

and fugitive world Christlike personality is the one imperishable element, and in our broken human reincarnations of His perfect likeness, we too shall pass through the mystery of apparent dissolution to a larger and ampler life.

Why in the midst of so many important plans should Jesus have stopped to converse with two dejected men? Were there not decisions to make, maps to scan, the basis of church organization to set up, the undergirding of His whole enterprise with adequate financial backing? But there is where Jesus differs radically from those who have claimed the allegiance of mankind for a few short years and passed into oblivion. He marshaled neither money, nor influence, nor prestige nor military power. He had a disconcerting way of turning aside to talk with a woman at a well, for the everlasting succor of all women in like position. He could see over the heads of the important crowd to the more important individual, to the man Zacchaeus, for the reëstablishment not only of Zacchaeus, but for millions more like him who have heard the story and by restoration of stolen goods have had salvation come into their homes.

Here at the tremendous climax of His earthly career Jesus persists in appearing to small groups, to two lonely friends.

What could this special experience have meant to them, this private revelation of the risen Lord?

In the first place they could not fail to see that *Jesus' resurrection was the direct result of His responsiveness to God.*

Jesus took God's purposes as His own. To reconstruct, to beautify and to complete human life was His chief concern. From the time He said, "Love your neighbor as yourself," until the day when He gave up the ghost between two thieves, He was restoring damaged human life. He was continually redeeming men and women from pride, prejudice, lust, thievery, graft, and self-righteousness. He went out in aggressive love and found endless opportunities for giving men that creative affection which alone can restore the lost self-respect when they no longer had reason to consider themselves of any value whatsoever. He lived among the broken, and exposed His body and mind and heart in doing His Father's will. On the first Sunday He preached in church, He stood up and quoted the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives." At least twice He said: "I am not sent save to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." In all these cases He was seeking to respond to the

Father's will, to redeem and complete human personality. Jesus responded to the desire of God. Again these two would have noted that God responded unto Jesus. Victor Hugo remarked of Napoleon, "The Almighty became bored with Bonaparte and brushed him aside." But the Almighty was pleased with Jesus and would not let Him perish. We are so tiny, it is difficult sometimes to discover that we are valuable to any one, nevertheless we are. As one prowls through the early spring woods, now and then in some remote spot one sees little colonies of lilies or jack-in-the-pulpits piercing the leaf mold. When there is a great number of them, they do not so attract one's attention; but now and again there is one alone, surrounded by trees and thorn bushes and rocks, daring to thrust its way upward through the half-frozen earth, assaying to win its way to light and life and sunshine, to complete its beauty in the open air, to achieve its growth, to come to flower and bear its seed. It is all alone, the only one of its kind,—yet it seems that the world centers about that tiny growing thing. The moist mossy bank, the sunshine that swims about it seems specially committed to this one living shoot of greenness. All things respond to the vitality within it. When Jesus thrust His life and personality into the

world, all things gave back the answer, this shall not die!

There is given unto feeble human lives the same experience that Jesus had. When one enters into the travail of Good Friday one is voluntarily offering oneself for the wrongdoing of others and for their redemption, when there is no human obligation for one to do so, and it is for us, as it was for Jesus, a lonely adventure. But as earth and sky nurture a tiny shoot of green in April, so in the lonely work of bearing the iniquity of others, the dedicated man will experience the undergirding of his feeble strength by the moral order of the universal, as he passes through great adventures and humiliations to that victory which overcomes the indifference and brutality of life. The divine love stops short of no sacrifice, nor is it ever lost, and those who give themselves in Christ-like love shall not perish, though the external forms of life be crushed and broken.

These two friends on Easter morning must also have considered what their own response to Jesus should be. There is a searching provocative element about any phase of Jesus' life which often torments us by the very difference between His life and ours.

When one gets within the realm of redemptive love

and enters into the experience of the cross in politics, or school, or hospital or in some other form of sacrificial public service, there are periods of desolation and loneliness. Jesus went through the uttermost of mental and physical torture without the support of friends. No one was with Him, no one understood Him at the time. Men do not go forth in crowds to Golgotha at best, they go singly or a few devoted souls together. Redeeming men and society is a lonely occupation. It is like examinations in school, or illness, or hope, or death, or appreciation, or courage,—it is a part of life that one can only do for oneself. Even though armies march forth to be killed for a great cause, still each man in the marching columns is terribly alone. Those who need others to shove them along in life, for whom the warmth of crowds is a vital necessity, those who require easy chairs and company and continual fellowship, will never reach Golgotha. The great thing which Jesus did requires the individual courage that men have when they volunteer for duty involving certain death. Men always ask themselves in the presence of heroism what their action would be in the face of like danger.

What is that cup which is pressed to your lips? Is it desertion? Jesus tasted that! Is it the half-heartedness of friends, is it poverty or weariness or repudiation,

is it pain or loneliness or wounded feelings? Jesus drank deep of all these bitter draughts. He won His right to be the chief of mankind by His anguish of mind and body. The power of the risen Lord will come to us one by one, and two by two, as we drain these bitter cups. If Jesus finds place in our hearts at all, He will do so in the midst of our perplexities and pain.

But the victory of Easter Day is not the same to all. The power of His resurrection cannot be earned by men and women, yet in some feeble human sense their willingness to pass through the experience of Good Friday makes it possible for those who have shared the fellowship of His sufferings to enter into the experience of triumph. And the struggle must be participated in by each one for himself. The war profiteer could not rejoice in the victory like the man who had faced the holocaust. The lazy, slack Christian cannot rejoice in Easter as can the person who has poured out his love in willing redemptive service. Easter is triumph for those who have been through the Garden and the Cross, or for those who can appreciate it! Maimed soldiers hear of positions taken with the aid of their broken bodies and it is enough. The mother hears the cry of her child and rejoices through her travail. Jesus looked upon the cross and saw the agony of His soul and was satisfied. The res-

urrection is the response of God to the mental anguish and bodily pain of the faithful of every generation,—the assurance that through peril, toil, and pain He will bear us up, saving us not from the cross but to everlasting victory.

On starry nights in the Far West one can watch the twinkle of the lights in windows of lonely homesteaders miles away. It is a common saying that homesteaders wager five years of life with the United States Government against one hundred and sixty acres of desert land—that they could live on it five years without starving to death! The Christian does a similar thing: he risks family happiness, personal reputation, financial comfort, peace of mind, all that life holds dear, that after he has passed through every inevitable hardship all that is of value within him shall survive. All that is in us which is like Jesus shall never perish.

The risen Lord who came to two dispirited friends, He who knows his own sheep by name and leadeth them out, will not forget any uplifted heart. To the minds and affections and imaginations of those who come unto Him with their marks and scars upon them, He comes with healing and reinforcement and assurance.

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